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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE has been something of a lull in the storm over Czechoslovakia during the past week, though the thundering of the Nazi press has not abated. It has indeed been louder since Whitsuntide; the newspapers have exaggerated or invented "incidents" and attempted to whip up passions in Germany. Some of the correspondents in Berlin report that the public is showing signs of boredom. That, is only hopeful if it indicates that Hitler intends a settlement with Prague. The Czech Government meanwhile has been occupied with the Slovak problem. Hlinka, the autonomist leader, addressed an enthusiastic demonstration of his supporters at Bratislava on Sunday. But this was followed the next day by a far larger meeting of Slovaks which gave Dr. Hodza, the Prime Minister, a tremendous oration and took a solemn oath of loyalty to the State. There is, in fact, little fear of the Slovaks assisting the Germans to destroy the Czechoslovak Republic. Father Hlinka himself, however hard he may press his demands for Home Rule, has never had the reputation of being a disruptionist; and it is hoped that the new Nationality Statute, whose details will probably be known next week, will satisfy the aspirations of both the Slovak population as a whole and the Hungarian minority. That it will satisfy the Sudeten Germans and Herr Hitler is a lot to expect.

Bombs and Protests

The bombing in the Far East and in Spain has become an obscene horror, never out of mind and carrying with it a universal threat. The casualties in the daily raids at Canton are mounting by thousands, and the Japanese promise "worse to come." This they couple with continued assertions that their objectives are only military and with perfunctory expressions of regret that civilians are suffering. But there is no ground for the belief that this devilry, even if it should result in the complete destruction of Canton, will bring China to her knees. In Spain, though the holocaust is not quite so vast, the wantonness and audacity of the air bombing are no less. Besides the attacks on Republican towns and villages, there is increasing boldness in attacking "neutral" territory and ships. Three more British vessels were bombed at Valencia and Alicante on Tuesday, following on a raid across the Pyrenees into France at the week-end. Diplomatic protests—whether "twittering" as Mr. Lloyd George called them the other day, or couched in stronger terms—are mere waste of ink and paper. General Franco parries them with half apologies or denials of his responsibility, and the outrages continue. Probably he is not responsible. He may well be telling the truth, for example, when he says that no bombing planes under his control have crossed the Pyrenees. The control is in the hands of his Italian and German masters. Are they to be allowed a completely free hand to do what they choose, while we twiddle our thumbs and mumble "Non-Intervention"? Or will France and Britain be driven at last to make a stand against air piracy as they did at Nyon against submarine piracy?

Franco-Italian Deadlock

Savage Italian press attacks on French policy have been the aftermath of a sudden deterioration in Franco-Italian relations. The exact cause of the suspension of the talks initiated in Rome by M. Blondel, the French Chargé d'Affaires, has not been revealed. All that is known is that on Thursday of last week Count Ciano delivered a speech referring in appreciative terms to Mr. Chamberlain's realistic diplomacy, but emphasising Italy's refusal to enter into "agreements which conceal, under ephemeral compromises, ambiguous mental reservations." It was clear that the Italian Foreign Minister had in mind the "reservations" to which the French Government adheres in respect to the independence of Spain, Spanish Morocco and the Balearic Islands. These, in French eyes, are indispensable conditions for any Franco-Italian Mediterranean pact; but the inference is that Italy will not concede them. This, at least, was the general interpretation of Count Ciano's speech in the French press. The sequel has been a furious outburst of Fascist indignation directed, first, at French suspicions of Italy's goodwill and, secondly, at the refusal of France to stop the flow to Spain of munitions which impede Italy's conquest of the peninsula whose integrity she professes to respect.

Fascist Food Supplies

The serious agricultural situation over a large part of Europe will hardly cook the goose of a single dictator; but it cannot be without influence on the immediate question of peace and war. Italy, in recent years, has been remarkably fortunate in her harvests; but this year she is evidently in for a thoroughly bad time. Wheat will have to be imported on a considerable scale, even if bread is further diluted with maize and other cereals; and there will be a sharp fall in most categories of food exports, on which Italy largely relies for her supply of foreign exchange. Wine, rice, fruit, vegetables and cheese will all show a substantial decrease; and in these circumstances it will be impossible to keep up purchases of raw materials and at the same time to maintain the outflow of munitions and other supplies to Spain and Abyssinia. Germany is less hardly hit; for the German cereal crops seem in the main to have escaped destruction by the drought, though other food crops have been badly damaged. France has also suffered seriously in respect of wine, but not of cereals; so that French exports will be affected, but the home food supply will be reasonably maintained. Italy is more than ever the weak spot; for Mussolini seems to an increasing extent to be running a race against time. This, no doubt, largely explains increased Italian "frightfulness" in the Spanish War.

The State of Jamaica

Jamaica is still in a turmoil, though the action of the police, assisted by naval contingents, on the one hand, and the appeals of Mr. Bustamente, the labour leader, on the other, are doubtless having some effect. But it is clear that, when the strikes are called off and order is restored, drastic remedies will be necessary for the discontents of the people. Nobody can pretend that their grievances are not real and urgent, even though there may be differences of opinion as to their cause. Nor can the Jamaican Government, or the British Government, which is the overlord, divest itself of responsibility for the long accumulated misery of this colony, or hope to cure it by small rises of wage rates effected through the "Conciliation Board." It is reported that the Jamaican Government proposes to launch a scheme of land settlement at a cost of £500,000. That, at any rate, is a reform in the right direction; exactly how far it will go remains to be seen. We are told also that Major Orde Brown (who has had many years' experience in Africa and is now Labour Adviser to the Colonial Office) will be sent out to the West Indies to report on labour problems.

God Save the King

The South African Government, fresh from its triumph at the polls, immediately got itself involved (for the second time within six months) in something like a Cabinet crisis over the National Anthem. At the military ceremonies on Union Day "God Save the King" was omitted from the programme. This caused a great to-do in circles which are nervous about South Africa's relations to the Empire and suspicious of General Hertzog's loyalty. They had already been upset by a similar incident at the opening of Parliament in February when the Afrikaans hymn "Die Stem van Suid Afrika" ("The Voice of South Africa") was sung as well as "God Save the King," and they read into this, and the Prime Minister's attempts to explain it, the most sinister meaning. And now, it seemed, he was at it again! However, he has given more or less satisfactory assurances that there had been a mistake and that no slight to English feelings was intended. To most of us in this country—and to many in South Africa, we believe—the whole thing looks like a storm in a teacup. If some South Africans have a sentimental feeling, as they have, for "Die Stem" and think, with Robert Burns, that

> "God save the King! a cuckoo sang,
> That's unco easy said ay"

it is surely not necessary to interpret this as a proof that they are agitating for a Republic outside the British Commonwealth. Let both tunes be played, and justice will be done and the Empire will still stand solid!

German Dumping

The swing-over of sentiment against Germany in the City and in British business circles is remarkable and may be an important political factor. Apart from the righteous bourgeois indignation aroused by the Austrian Loan default (discussed in our City columns), the campaign launched by British motor manufacturers and other victims of Germany's elaborate Z.A.V. dumping system grows apace. To meet the invasion of Opel cars, retailed here—freight and duty included—at £10 less than the retail price in Germany, the Government is being pressed to bring automobiles within the purview of the Import Duties Advisory Committee. At present they are subject to the $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. McKenna duty, which the Treasury has no power to modify. If, however, a clause were added to the 1938 Finance Bill transferring motors to the 1932 Import Duties Act, the Advisory Committee could recommend, and the Treasury could enact by Order, an additional duty to offset subsidised competition. If such action is not taken, the consequence will be a vociferous demand for general anti-dumping legislation on the lines of existing American laws.

Towards the Slump

The figures of unemployment are again bad. The numbers recorded as workless are greater by 382,000 than they were a year ago, and the numbers in work are down by 148,000. Coal and cotton, iron and steel and motor manufacture, and various branches of the engineering trade are mainly responsible for the decline. Building and public works contracting, on the other hand, show a seasonal improvement; and so, naturally, do the hotel and restaurant trades. The consumers' industries in general, except in their export branches, are still relatively prosperous; but export trade is depressed, and there is a significant falling off, despite the armament boom, in the industries producing capital goods. These conditions of course reflect such world influences as the slump in America, the war devastation of the Far Eastern markets, and the ever-increasing restrictions on imports—except of war materials—into the totalitarian States. Unfortunately, the consequence of the decline in the heavy industries and in exports is to increase unemployment more in the depressed areas than in the relatively prosperous South. British industry is sliding down slowly into a depression. The registered unemployed already number 1,779,000, at a time of year when the seasonal factors are favourable.

The Engineers Confer

The Amalgamated Engineering Union, in face of growing unemployment among its members, is not disposed to take at their face value the demands of the Government and the employers for the dilution of labour. The A.E.U. National Committee (which is in effect a delegate conference representing the rank and file membership) carefully refrained from passing any resolution which could be construed as a refusal to co-operate in the work of armament; but it also refused to hand the employers any sort of blank cheque. The plain fact is that, quite apart from any general shortage of labour (the existence of local shortages here and there is not disputed), the employers would like a free hand to apply mass-production methods and to erect new factories in which only a small number of skilled workers would be employed. The skilled men's Unions are bound to resist this demand; and resistance is particularly strong because the engineers fully expect depression soon to become much worse in most sections of the industry, and are convinced that ample supplies of skilled labour will be available as fast as the munition-makers are actually ready to expand production. This fear of coming depression also underlies the A.E.U.'s insistence on an early demand for the forty-hour week. The Executive obviously held that there was little chance of the employers agreeing to any reduction in working hours; but the Conference none the less instructed them to press urgently for it. On the "Popular Front" issue the division of opinion was exactly equal, apart from the President's casting vote, which settled the fate of the resolution and left the A.E.U. poised just on the Transport House side.

Co-operators Confer

The opposition to the Peace Alliance or Popular Front proposal at the Co-operative Congress was greatly strengthened by the election result in West Derbyshire, where the Labour candidate scored a spectacular success at the expense of the Liberal. In the circumstances it was easy to present the case for the Popular Front merely as a doubly subtle device for reviving a dying Party and bringing Communism back into the Labour Movement. The advocates of the Popular Front were defeated. There were other important issues. The refusal of the C.W.S. directors to institute a boycott of Japanese goods came in for strong criticism, and a resolution favouring a refusal to purchase supplies from any country proceeding to war without offering arbitration was carried by an overwhelming majority. The C.W.S. directors inquired why, if they were to boycott Japan, they were not also to exclude goods coming from Germany and Italy; but the Congress confined its resolution to the advocacy of a boycott of countries actually "proceeding to war"—which, technically, may now perhaps be held to exclude Italy, on the assumption that the Abyssinian War is formally over, and the Italian intervention in Spain not formally war. The Congress was also seriously concerned about the possible effect on the Co-operative movement of schemes for the "rationalisation" of home food supplies. The movement now sells over £20 millions' worth of milk a year, and is clearly entitled to an influential voice in any scheme that may be adopted. What Co-operators fear most is the enforcement of measures for "rationing" the trade so as to prevent them from increasing further their share at the expense of the capitalist distributors.

Writers Against Fascism

The Queen's Hall has seldom known a more remarkable meeting than Wednesday night's demonstration, in which a representative group of authors declared themselves against Fascism. Sir Hugh Walpole and George Birmingham came up to town to make the declaration; France and Czechoslovakia were specially represented; John Brophy (in the chair), Rose Macaulay, Rosamond Lehmann, Philip Guedalla, Sarah Gertrude Millin, G. T. Garratt and Compton Mackenzie were among the other speakers. Desmond MacCarthy revealed the division as well as the unity in the audience by saying that, for the purpose of fighting Fascism, he regarded the old cry of Freedom as superior to the Communist creed. Cheers and counter cheers showed that the audience was amicably, but about equally, divided between Left and Left Centre. C. Day Lewis, who urged that action meant a Peace Front, read some devastating extracts from *Education in Nazi Germany*, an excellent pamphlet on the subject recently published (price 1*s.*) by Kulturkampf (19 Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.2). One of these from a very widely distributed military education paper said that "all knowledge and experience gained should serve the sole and supreme purpose of shooting straight—to kill the enemy."

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OUR SHARE AT CANTON

ABOUT a quarter of the petrol used by the Japanese aeroplanes that have killed some thousands of defenceless people in Canton this last week is supplied by the Royal Dutch Company, which is 40 per cent. British. Japan has no oil supplies of her own and most of the rest is supplied by America, on whose behalf Mr. Cordell Hull protests so eloquently about Japanese barbarity. Capitalism, like war, is indivisible. The bullets now being made in Germany and Japan are manufactured from Canadian nickel and Australian lead, and Japan's imports of ores and metals from us and America have trebled since the Chinese war began. Nearly half of Germany's imports of iron ore (three-quarters of the total is imported) come from France. The bombs that kill, but do not terrorise, the people of Barcelona and Valencia drop from aeroplanes whose engines are sometimes of British manufacture. Is it surprising that Japan greets our protests with more intense bombardments, that Mussolini laughs when we read lectures to General Franco, and that Dr. Goebbels regards our intervention as so much hypocrisy?

Dr. Goebbels does not, of course, draw attention to the dependence of the Fascist Powers on the willingness of the democratic countries to supply them with the materials of aggression. He prefers a cheaper retort about the British use of bombers on the North-West Frontier. His facts are largely inventions, but the point remains that when Germany was still disarmed Britain was a principal party to obstructing a proposal to get rid of bombing aeroplanes, and that Lord Londonderry (who has no doubt confided the whole story to Hitler) has boasted of the difficulty with which he maintained for Britain the sacred right to bomb native peoples. Why, then, say the Fascist Powers, should we not bomb Abyssinians, Spaniards, Chinese and, if necessary, French and British—any who are so misguided as to try to defend their own freedom? In fact, Dr. Goebbels scores because the democratic Powers are only partly democratic and are all mixed up, though in a more gentlemanly way, in the same capitalist racket. Our rulers are genuinely horrified at the destruction of Hong Kong and Barcelona and the attacks on British ships in Spanish harbours, but they are morally hamstrung by their own exploitation of the black man in Jamaica and elsewhere and by the fact that they are in power in virtue of their protection of capitalist interests, which are in fact being paid for abetting Fascist barbarity.

The Fascist Powers understand this very well. They learned it as they listened in 1931 to British business men in the House of Commons defending Japan as the champion of law and order in China. Mussolini gambled on the influence of the same "sinister interests" when he planned his attack on Abyssinia. We know now since Marshal de Bono's book, what many of us felt sure of in 1935, that to refuse to let Mussolini have oil would have quickly ended the Ethiopian invasion. The Spanish story has rubbed the lesson in. As long as General Franco looked after British vested interests in Spain we were prepared to see the Spanish Government defeated. The only case of a successful check to the Fascist International in Spain was the Nyon Agreement, which prevented piracy at sea directed against French and British shipping. If the Governments of France and of Britain are again becoming restive about Spain and making sensible but terribly late and ineffective efforts to arrange for neutral observers on the spot, it is because piracy in the air has been substituted for piracy at sea, and because General Franco's Italian and German aeroplanes are flying over French territory and the chance of Germany or Italy relinquishing their strategic hold on Spain rapidly disappearing. Everywhere we see the same story repeated. The capitalist governments of democratic countries protest partly because they are outraged and afraid, and partly because public opinion compels them. But they have never acted in time and seldom in concert, because they have represented interests which favoured Fascism and which hoped, often mistakenly, to benefit by acquiescence in its advance.

Ever since Hitler came into power there has only been one objective before the eyes of sane men—how to check and undermine the Nazi menace before it involved the world in war. The fact that Hitler largely owed his triumph to the follies of Versailles was a reason for repairing those follies as quickly as possible, but not for excusing Fascism. Our rulers saw the matter in exactly the opposite light. They would do nothing to revise the Treaty before the German people became convinced that force was their only remedy, but they were quite willing to connive at the methods of Fascist expansion as long as it was not at our expense. Hence to-day we all find ourselves in an increasingly desperate situation. We see the moral asset so essential for peaceful democratic action thrown away, the initiative left to the Fascists, and our rulers reduced to futile protests and constant humiliations, while they engage in a frantic arms race with no other goal except a war which, they are as conscious as any of us, means general destruction.

A remark which appeared in this journal last week that "the game was lost" unless we defeated Fascism without war has roused the wrath of at least one reader who is ready to fight for his King and Country. But the meaning of the remark should have been clear enough. If general war comes no one can even dimly prophesy its outcome. Could any "cause" survive the holocaust? International Socialism would be the only good objective, but the tangle and the slaughter would be so appalling and likely to last so long that the more probable result is social disintegration. It is partly because all the governments of great States are vividly aware of this that general war may yet be postponed. We can still imagine a policy that might avert it—if there were governments in the democratic nations which knew which side they were on and which were not rendered helpless by divided loyalties. Even yet it is not necessary, as so many people suggest, to pose an inexorable choice between passing the world over to Fascism and destroying civilisation in the mutual suicide of war. Britain and France still have great preventive assets on their side if they had governments that could use them. Their greatest asset is the force of world opinion which for one moment in 1935 rallied solidly behind British initiative at Geneva, but which cannot be expected to take seriously the protests of the Government which followed up Sir Samuel Hoare's speech with the Laval-Hoare proposals. Fifty nations were with us then and America was brought at least half way. America would come more than half way even now if it were democracy and not a dithering plutocracy which spoke from Westminster. Nor is it true that a Government with the will could not speak loudly enough to penetrate the walls round Nazi Germany. A British Prime Minister who used the resources of wireless and press to speak in the name of world democracy, who told the German people that we were ready to remedy all grievances without war, but warned them that war would be the result of armed aggression, would not be unheard even in Fascist countries. As a correspondent from Germany reminds us this week, there is a great body of discontent below the surface in Fascist countries; the right language and propaganda may still release it. Again, Britain and France have still the opportunity that comes from great possessions. Germany, Italy and Japan complain that our capitalists have under their control the wool, rubber, cotton, magnesia, lead, zinc, tungsten and other raw materials without which great armaments cannot be built up. Does not that very fact give Britain and France and America the opportunity for checking aggression and compelling the Fascist Powers to change their policies? The first step would be an economic rather than a military union of democratic countries, in which Russia would be included; such a union could make offers to Fascist Powers which would modify their economic structure. Without such a union the Fascists very naturally prefer to go on buying what they need from us, while they attempt to conquer for themselves the resources which we now control and which in their hands may shortly be the potent source of our own destruction. It is because such a policy of sanity and security could only be adopted by governments which genuinely hated the idea of Fascism and were not merely fearful of an attack on their own position that we have supported proposals that might lead to the creation of an international Popular Front. Such a combination might still overthrow Fascism without world war.

THE DANUBE AND THE YELLOW RIVER

Few people appreciate the close interdependence of European and Far Eastern politics. Even before 1914, the balance of power in Europe was greatly affected by imperialist policies in China. In those days a Russia preoccupied in China meant a strengthening of Austria's position in the Balkans and of Germany's in Europe. The fact that the defeat of Russia by Japan in 1905 put Russia "back into Europe," was a contributory factor to the world war. To-day Germany's effective strength in Europe must largely depend on whether or no Japan can immobilise the U.S.S.R. by menacing her Eastern border.

There are indications that the recent Cabinet changes in Japan, followed almost immediately by Hitler's recall of Chiang Kai-shek's German military advisers, heralds a real German-Japanese alliance against the U.S.S.R., in place of the anti-Commintern pact which in Japanese eyes was never much more than a cloak for the conquest of China. Japanese politics cannot be understood if one thinks merely of "the Army" *versus* "the financiers," big business interests or political parties. The Army is not a homogeneous entity but is divided into factions and cliques, and different generals are associated with different capitalist groups, Court officials and high civil bureaucrats. Moreover, the Navy, broadly speaking, has a different policy from the Army, or rather from the dominant Army factions, and the Navy High Command has the same power as the Army General Staff to bring down a Cabinet by refusing to allow any officer to serve as Navy Minister. Consequently, Japanese Cabinets, if they are to function at all, must effect a balance, however precarious, between the Army, the Navy, the monopoly family business houses, the Court and the Privy Council. All these politically important elements must be represented in the Government if the war is to be energetically prosecuted, but the balance will incline first one way and then another, and within the Army itself one faction becomes more powerful than another, largely according to the support given it by the Mitsui, the Mitsubishi, or the lesser titans of the business world.

It is in the light of these political constants that the recent changes in the Japanese Cabinet must be considered. Their significance is to be found in the affiliations and views of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance, Education and War.

General Ugaki, who has become Foreign Minister in place of Mr. Hirota, is an old Minseito Party man with close associations with the Court and the Upper House as well as with the Mitsubishi and Sumitomo trusts. Mr. Ikeda, the new Finance Minister, was Governor of the Bank of Japan last year, and was previously generalissimo of the Mitsui interests. He is the arch-type of what the "young officers" term a self-seeking capitalist, and he stands in the Cabinet as the guardian of the interests of finance capital.

General Ugaki was War Minister in five Minseito Cabinets in the post-war period and in 1932 failed to get the leadership of the "young officer" cliques and terrorist organisations because of his reputed close connections with Big Business. He was an associate of the Lt.-General Nagata who (as Director of the Military Affairs Bureau at the War Office) was murdered by Lt.-Colonel Aizawa in August, 1935. The latter at his trial accused his victim and General Ugaki of being in close contact with various business Members of the House of Peers. On the resignation of the Hirota Government in May, 1937, the Emperor appointed General Ugaki as Premier, but the Army vetoed his appointment and Prince Konoye became Prime Minister instead. To-day Ugaki is being cast for the role of Prime Minister when Prince Konoye resigns.

In these circumstances General Ugaki's appointment as Foreign Minister probably means a victory, not for "the Army," but rather for the House of Mitsubishi, for those financial and industrial interests which favour what the Japanese press calls the "North China ideology" and for the Army factions (mainly the Kwantung Army now in North China) which are in favour of an anti-Soviet rather than an anti-British orientation in Japanese policy. This supposition is strengthened by the political alignment of the third and fourth new Members of the Cabinet—General Araki, who is well known to be violently anti-Soviet, and General Itagaki, late Chief of Staff of the Kwantung Army.

Since the days in 1931-32, when he was the leader of the military Fascists who ranted against the "self-seeking capitalists and corrupt politicians," and proclaimed their aim as the establishment of "Imperial Socialism" and a "Showa Restoration," General Araki is rumoured to have become a Mitsui man. Whether this is true or not, he long ago ceased to be spoken of as Japan's Mussolini. Corruption is so far advanced in Japanese political life that few men who attain to high office, be they officers or civilians, avoid contracting relations with the plutocracy. The anti-capitalist "young officer" of yesterday may be a wealthy shareholder in capitalist enterprise to-day.

Although Generals Araki and Ugaki were formerly bitter enemies and rivals, it would seem that the Army factions they represent are to-day united in opposing the limitless extension of the war in China; they regard the Soviet Union as Japan's chief enemy and the attempt to dominate the whole of China as a dangerous dispersion of strength.

It seems very probable that Hitler told the Japanese Government that, if the "anti-Commintern pact" with Germany were to remain in force, Japan must limit her commitments in China in order to conserve her strength for a possible future war, or threat of war, against the Soviet Union. Obviously a Japan sinking deeper and deeper into the bog of China is of no use to

Germany as an ally. Her failure to immobilise the U.S.S.R. in Europe has already checked Germany's advance along the Danube. It is doubtful if the U.S.S.R. would have renewed its pledge to fight in defence of Czechoslovakia had Japan's policy in China been as Hitler wished.

Having failed to mediate at the end of last year, Germany continued to supply arms to China in spite of her Japanese alliance. This apparent anomaly is intelligible if one assumes, not only that Germany wished to prevent China being thrown back into the arms of the U.S.S.R., but also that she needed a lever to force Japan to limit her war aims to the conquest of North China and Inner Mongolia. If the Japanese Cabinet changes signify that German pressure has been effective and that those in favour of a rapprochement with the Soviet Union have been pushed into the background, the recall of General Falkenhausen and the other German officers with Chiang Kai-shek would naturally follow.

Since the Konoye Cabinet has repeatedly stated that it will never negotiate with Chiang Kai-shek and is determined to continue the war till the Kuomintang Government is overthrown, only a new Japanese Government can announce more moderate war aims and attempt to negotiate a peace with Chiang Kai-shek. This may explain the reports that Prince Konoye will soon resign and be succeeded as Premier by General Ugaki. There is in any case every indication that the Cabinet changes mean a defeat for those elements in Japan which have wanted to eliminate British interests in China. Their view is designated in Japan as the "Yangtze ideology." Its sponsors are strong in Osaka amongst the textile interests and have the backing of the Navy, in particular of the present Home Minister, Admiral Suetsuga; they are not so much interested in North China as in the trade of Central and South China and the cotton mills of Shanghai. They are not heavy industrialists like Mitsubishi needing the coal and iron of North China; but manufacturers who want markets, the opportunity to exploit cheap Chinese labour in manufacturing industry, and raw materials not obtainable in the North such as rubber, cotton, and wool. Even the defeat of China in this war would not give them what they want, unless British investment and trade were eliminated in the Yangtze valley, and Japanese control established over the International Settlement at Shanghai. Obviously Japan could not embark upon a frontal attack on British trade and investments in China unless she came to some sort of an understanding with the U.S.S.R. Hence the demand for months past in certain quarters for such a rapprochement. The financiers were never in favour of an openly anti-British policy. It would ruin them, and they understood better than the hotheads that it would deprive Japan of the possibility of importing essential war materials. In February a writer in the *Kaizo* magazine stated that Toshio Shiratori, who now becomes Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, was now issuing warnings against the growing public opinion favouring war with Britain and making friends with the Soviets.

The retirement of Mr. Hirota, who was known to favour good relations with the U.S.S.R., no less than the political affiliations of the new ministers, supports the conclusion that the anti-Soviet elements are now in a majority in the Cabinet, and that the financiers have gained influence, not lost it as has been generally supposed by the press of this country.

In the light of the foregoing the Cabinet changes in Japan probably represent a victory for Germany. Whether they represent more than a diplomatic victory will depend largely on China. If Germany is able to get the Far Eastern war stopped by a compromise peace which gives North China and Inner Mongolia to Japan, she will immensely strengthen her position in Europe. If the anti-British and pro-Soviet forces in Japan had gained ground, instead of losing it, Germany's position in Europe would have been greatly weakened. Hence a somewhat paradoxical identity of interest between Germany and Britain with regard to Japan; a menace to Britain in the Far East means to-day a weakening of Germany in Europe. One of China's principal dangers is that Britain and Germany would both like to see the war settled by the cession of North China to Japan.

On the other side the possibility of China accepting such a peace seems to recede. China will fight on, and, if Germany will no longer supply her with arms, and neither Britain nor the U.S.A. will help her, there remains always the last alternative of relying on the U.S.S.R. at the price of becoming amenable to Russian influence.

The renewed bombing of Canton, and the present Japanese advance on Hankow, do not invalidate the supposition that Japan will now endeavour to limit her commitments in China. Precisely because such a policy had been decided upon, some satisfaction would have to be given to those who insist on "beating China to her knees," and something done to allay the popular impatience at the slow progress of Japan's "Invincible Army." The killing of some thousands of Chinese civilians at Canton provides both the necessary circus and proof that Japan could destroy all China if she wished; the advance to Hankow is expected to satisfy the demand for victories and to force Chiang Kai-shek to negotiate.

If the political power and the prestige of the Army are to be maintained, the memory of the reverses in Shantung in April must be wiped out by victories. All factions in Japan must support the attempt to capture Hankow, even if the faction which is dominant for the moment favours peace with China on terms permitting the Kuomintang Government to continue in existence, but with North China as a Japanese protectorate.

It is of course always possible that a successful advance to Hankow may again give the upper hand to those Japanese business circles, and military and naval factions, which are in favour of a rapprochement with the U.S.S.R. as a preliminary to a direct attack on British interests in the Yangtze valley and South China. Germany has no guarantee that once she has withdrawn her aid to China the anti-Soviet factions in Japan will retain the upper hand. However, if, as the *Times* Riga correspondent reports, the U.S.S.R. has now promised to give real aid to China, a Russo-Japanese rapprochement may be out of the question.

FREDA UTLEY

THE JAMAICAN RIOTS

[The writer of this article has only recently returned after a long residence in Jamaica.]

THE troubles in Jamaica are not transitory phenomena. There is every reason to believe that they will continue and increase in violence until the intolerable economic and social conditions which have bred them are destroyed. When the "disturbances" occurred in Westmoreland they were attributed in the *Times* to the low price of sugar; I suppose now that they have spread to Kingston the banana, or copra, or coffee will be the scapegoat. As a matter of fact, there is a single cause—the capitalist.

The Jamaican peasants had a revolution at Morant Bay in 1865. They revolted because after the Liberation the white plutocracy did everything in its power to prevent them from getting land. At the height of the insurrection the particular reason for it was forgotten, and there rose to the lips of the rebels a cry, always subdued, but always latent in the heart of the people: "Down with backra! Land for the black man!" And this slogan aroused such terror in the Government that not merely was the cruelty of the reprisals out of all proportion to the offence, but a perfect fantasy of bloodshed was staged and publicly celebrated after the event.

Paul Bogle, the peasant leader, was hung for his pains, but not quite uselessly. Governor Eyre was withdrawn and Sir John Peter Grant sent out to inaugurate a new policy. This policy is still being pursued, and it has failed. It is humanitarian, liberal—and Christian. It consists of three main articles—the education of the peasantry, settlement on the land, and the creation of an indigenous *petite bourgeoisie*. For the first, as Mr. H. P. Jacobs, editor of the *Jamaican Public Opinion*, has pointed out, 50 per cent. of the population is still illiterate, and many even of those who have been enabled by scholarships to receive a decent education are unemployed as a result of the chronic overcrowding of the clerical services and professions. For the second, the mass of the peasantry is still without land. Only in its third aim has the policy succeeded. And by so doing it has divided the island by an all but insuperable rift. The *petite bourgeoisie* is European or American in outlook, behaviour, and taste; the people are still primitive, superstitious and ignorant, spontaneously generating their own folk-songs and stories, preserving their magical practices, and sweeping by thousands into revivalist religions like Pocomania. The rift is almost insuperable, but not, I think, quite. The intelligentsia might bridge it. If the doctors and lawyers abandon their privileged isolation and acknowledge their identity with the masses there is a chance yet for a fairly orderly transition—transition, that is to say, to a self-governing society based on communal agriculture. For there is no possible alternative. During the present century an attempt was made to encourage co-operative marketing; it was openly fought by the fruit companies controlling the capital and the local press, and crushed. But that is not all. Even if one could imagine a government extending unlimited credit, settling the people on the land, making a purge of vested interests—even then the adventure, though splendid, would be a fiasco. The staple Jamaican products are bananas and sugar. The first requires mass labour on one or two days a week, the second mass labour for two or three months a year. A vast collection of small private properties could never meet this demand. It can only be met in one of three ways—by large properties worked by slaves, by large properties worked by seasonal employment of free mass labour, by large properties communally owned.

The first system was abolished. The second is collapsing. The reasons for its collapse are broad and simple. There is over-population. Jamaica has doubled its population in the last thirty or forty years, and thousands of Jamaicans are being deported from Cuba and the Republics of Central America to swell the list of unemployed at home. The control of population could not be attempted except by a self-governing, self-respecting, classless and enlightened State. Then there is the fact that far too much of the physical labour is performed by women and children, who are preferred, of course, for their cheapness. A further consideration is that the million and a third inhabitants of the island are too poor to offer any sort of home market for local produce—and one has only to compare Jamaica with an island of similar population, New Zealand, to realise what this means.

The misery of the people is now plain to all the world, and I need not dilate on it here. Once when I was walking in the foothills of the Blue Mountains I heard a negro singing in a tree:

Glory dead when backra come,
  Glory dead;
Glory dead when white man come,
  Glory dead.

KENNETH PRINGLE

A LONDON DIARY

It is, I suppose, part of the job of the Nazi propaganda department to placate foreign opinion by permitting a few people of world reputation to escape their prison camps. Freud, one of the half-dozen most famous living intellectuals, is over eighty; the psychological interpretation of the Bible on which he is engaged cannot seem dangerous to Dr. Goebbels, however valuable to the thinking people; his persecution and imprisonment would have created world-wide resentment. So we are allowed to have Dr. Freud here, and are proud to welcome him. Our authorities have recently shown a praiseworthy improvement in their attitude to refugees. So much to the good. But unfortunately it goes a very small way. We do not know how to help Dr. Niemoller, for instance, nor what to do for thousands of unknown and helpless victims of the Nazis in Austria. According to the new issue of the well-informed *Germany To-day* the two thousand Viennese workers who went on a " Strength Through Joy " trip to Germany talked so emphatically when they got back to Vienna that 200 of them were immediately arrested and sent to Dachau. Dr. Zimprich, a former high official in the Ministry of Justice, is reported to have committed suicide and Erich Meller, the famous pianist, is reported dead, and so on through a long list. The number of suicides in Austria since Hitler came to free this oppressed nation is now estimated at about 5,000. Judging from personal reports given me, I doubt if this figure is exaggerated. In the long run the worst part of it all is the steady pressure on children; it is not so terrible that people should die as that children still be brought up to assist and justify murder. Take notice of these words:

> The man who stands in the way of the victory of the Pan-German Reich will be crushed. Illegal actions will result in physical extermination. The German man is no spy, but he who does not report observations makes himself guilty of a crime and will be punished.

This is taken from the instructions issued to local officials from Nazi headquarters. These instructions have to be read by everyone over the age of fourteen.

* * *

The first International Exhibition of Handicraft in Berlin has been staged on the scale, and with the art, usual to Nazi enterprises. Forests of scarlet banners the height of a house decorate halls as big as airship hangars. Fountains plash. Moving staircases conduct the visitor from one Valhalla to another. Twenty-five countries have contributed the best they can of domestic objects, furniture, ironwork, porcelain, glass, books and textiles. The twenty-sixth, Grossbritannien, has sent a couple of teapots through the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, a wooden rabbit through the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society and a baby's fur coat, a patchwork bed-jacket and a smock through the National Federation of Women's Institutes. To display such objects the promoters of the Exhibition, at their own expense, have dedicated a tower sixty feet high, suspended a wreath from the ceiling twenty feet in diameter, blazoned the walls with the royal arms in gold and full colour eight times over and at the bottom inserted five minute windows.

* * *

Amidst the appalling horrors of the Canton bombardment the significance of the flight of a couple of Chinese aeroplanes over Japan has been largely overlooked. The Chinese planes dropped leaflets instead of bombs. They told the Japanese people that China could not be conquered by terrorism or by invasion and asked them whether they approved of their Government's policy of bombing helpless people in Chinese towns who had no quarrel with the people of Japan. A civilised technique, and one which, as the American and British papers in Shanghai are pointing out, must make the Japanese think. For if Chinese aeroplanes and pilots are now capable of the feat of making non-stop flights to Japan and back they can drop bombs as well as leaflets; this development will have its effect on the Japanese masses who have been constantly reassured that they need fear no reprisals from the Chinese. Anything that appeals to the masses over the heads of authoritarian governments is valuable. Sometimes I think it is the only thing left that is valuable.

* * *

With my mind full of the horrors of Canton—one evening paper poster announced " worse raids " to come, side by side with another poster that said that the Queen had " a slight cold " —I heard two men talking as they stood by a fruit barrow. I caught, as I passed, words that sounded like " Little bits of babies going up in bits; it's shameful I call it." Agreed. And then I realised that what the street moralist really complained of was " Little bits of babies " being allowed *to bet*.

In a world rushing headlong from liberty towards destruction, one ought not to be surprised, I suppose, by the Gadarene behaviour of seventy M.P.s who requested the Home Secretary to prohibit the proposed International Congress of Freethinkers. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Acton were quite as devout in their Christianity as Captain Ramsay and his associates, but who can doubt that they would have been profoundly shocked by this petition? Mr. Gladstone was never more earnest than in his defence of Bradlaugh's right to sit in the House, though for Bradlaugh's views he felt the most violent repugnance. To-day the proportion of agnostics in every section of the community, including both Houses of Parliament and the Cabinet, is much higher than it was in Mr. Gladstone's time, and the Prime Minister himself is a professed disbeliever in the central tenet of traditional Christianity. It can therefore hardly be supposed that the seventy M.P.s are very much shocked by a philosophical attitude that is so widespread as agnosticism. It is because they mistakenly think the Congress a Bolshevik conspiracy that they are so much concerned. The nineteenth-century Freethinkers were a menace to the soul; is it because the modern ones are supposed to be a menace to the pocket that they are less deserving of toleration? Sir Samuel Hoare, in his answer to the petition, pointed out that Freethinkers had the same right of assembling as Christians, and that if he forbade the meeting, his ban would have no legal validity. He added: "This country has a long and cherished tradition of liberty and toleration which in these times it is more than ever important to maintain. I should be truly sorry to think that there is any foundation for the suggestion that some of those who are opposed to the holding of this Congress may show their resentment by conduct likely to lead to breaches of the peace." I presume that this will deter friends of militant Christianity from any notion of creating a riot, in order to stop the Congress as "likely to lead to breaches of the peace." The law can forbid a procession that has obviously aggressive intentions, but it would be intolerable if a meeting in a hall could be forbidden, merely because some people were ready to brawl in the vicinity.

* * *

Here is a simple "intelligence test":

> A man planted a lily in his pond. The next day there were two lilies and each day the number doubled. At the end of thirty days the pond was full. On which day was the pond half-full?

Time allowed for solution half-a-minute.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Blimp.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Government have protested. The bombing has continued, and the time has now arrived when the Government are beginning to consider how such protests can be made effective. More energetic protests may therefore be expected.—*Times.*

Everyday Life in Russia gives examples of actual letters and articles published in the controversies about such matters as abortion, and it is amusingly illustrated by Pearl Binder.—*New Statesman and Nation.*

When Miss Myfanwy Jones took a silver cup for 'cello playing at the recent Thanet Musical Festival, she unwittingly made history. There is a published list of Vicars of Sittingbourne, extending over nearly 640 years, and nowhere is there mention of any daughter of a former Vicar having gained distinction in the musical world like Miss Jones.—*The East Kent Gazette.*

If golf is to be allowed, then football, cricket, tennis, bowls and darts must also be sanctioned, and Sunday in Aberystwyth will outdo Paris and give points to Madrid, and the birthplace of the confessional faith of puritan Methodism will have earned an unenviable notoriety.—Archdeacon of Cardigan reported in *News Chronicle.*

"THERE IS NO HEALTH IN US"

LOOKING through old manuscript notes of mine, I came across some written about ten years ago. Here is one: "In the last few decades the death rate in this country has been halved. That is to say, out of every hundred people alive on the first of January of this year, only half as many will be dead by the end of next December as would have died in the course of a year in mid-Victorian times. That is a basic fact; and it is one to go on our knees and be thankful for. But it was not just going on our knees and asking for it that brought about this result. To what, then, is our increasing healthiness due? Medical science—of the kind that is concerned with the treatment of disease—has certainly improved; but the improvement is trivial compared with the drop in the death-rate. We must look elsewhere for the real explanation. The great fall in the mortality figures is due, as most of us already know, not so much to any startling improvement in our ability to cure disease, as to the adoption of an active policy of disease-prevention."

The surprising fall in the death-rate and the consequent increase in average longevity that have occurred in the last half-century—not only in this country but also in Germany, America, and other civilised parts of the world—are due but in small measure to our improved diagnostic and therapeutic technique. Far more important parts have been played by the greater economic prosperity of the relatively poor, and by communally organised sanitary reforms.

Until lately, preventive medicine has been regarded as being practically synonymous with public hygiene—sanitation, drainage, isolation, water-supply, economic uplift, and so on. Recent physiological discoveries have demonstrated that preventive medicine is an individual as well as a collective business. We have so modified our environmental circumstances that our native instincts and impulses are no longer a satisfactory guide in the determination of our reactions. The sugar coating of the poisons of civilisation deceives the simple and unreflective. They need guidance from the more knowledgeable. If all doctors were adequately trained in preventive medicine, and in what may be called personal or individual hygiene, and if they all had a well-developed sense of community responsibility, it is the doctor who would afford the ideal means for furthering, by direct education, the cause of individual health. Many doctors already do excellent work of this kind, without organisation and without official recognition. The ordinary medical training of to-day, however, whilst good in many ways, does little to equip a student with the sort of knowledge, or to stimulate the sort of mental attitude, necessary for this work. People do not customarily visit a doctor unless they are consciously ill; and the doctor's technique and psychology are adapted accordingly.

May I quote another passage from my 1928 note-book? "What seems to be needed at the present time is some kind of local bureau of hygienic and medical information, to which everyone might go—not for treatment, but for advice as to where and how appropriate treatment may be obtained. Such a bureau should be actively engaged in the dissemination of that extensive mass of real hygienic knowledge about which there is little disagreement among those competent to hold an opinion. From such a centre might radiate a steady glow of hygienic light, and from it might pour a constant stream of hygienic enthusiasm, free from crankiness, faddism and medical sectarianism. Such a bureau would have to be staffed in part by competent medical men and women; for the service would, to have value, need to be something more personal and individual than the mere issuing of literature and the furnishing of collective information."

That the public is interested in health, and prepared to go to considerable lengths in their search for it, is shown in many ways—not least by the astonishing balance-sheets of some of the proprietary medicine firms. But the medical profession does little, except in a sporadic way, to guide the public into the way of knowledge and established truth.

In a turning off what must surely be one of the most aesthetically uninspiring roads in London—Queen's Road, Peckham—is a large building constructed almost wholly of glass. This is the Peckham Pioneer Health Centre—probably the first institution of its kind in the world. Its amenities include a swimming-bath as attractive as that of the Bath Club, an excellent gymnasium, a good hall with a stage for the production of plays, comfortable lounges, a cafeteria, a children's nursery or crèche, and garden playgrounds. Individuals may join the club, but its normal unit is the family as a whole; and, after it had been working three months, it had already a membership of three hundred and fifty such units. The Centre began as a "Family Health Club," started twelve years ago by a group of medical biologists, the family subscription being sixpence a week. For this sum, in addition to club amenities, the parents had an annual medical overhaul and the adolescents a half-yearly one; while school-children were examined every three months and infants every week. No treatment was given; but anyone found to need treatment of any kind was directed to the appropriate institution or organisation for its provision. The subscription to the present club has been raised to one shilling a week per family.

In 1931, Drs. Pearse and Williamson, to whom the main credit for the Peckham experiment belongs, wrote an important book called *The Case for Action*. It was a significant book. In it the authors described their initial experiment, carried out in simple conditions before the present building was erected. In a Report which the same two doctors, with their professional colleagues, have just issued, under the title *Biologists in Search of Material* (Faber and Faber, 2*s*.), we are invited to contemplate the results of the first eighteen months' work in the new building, and to consider various hygienic and biological conclusions to which the authors have come. We are told that, in the course of that eighteen months, 1,530 individuals belonging to 500 families have been examined; that in 9 per cent. of these "nothing wrong has been found," and that 8 per cent. were found to be diseased and already under treatment, whilst 83 per cent. "have something the matter and are doing nothing about it." Of this last group, it is said that "the majority are unaware that they are less than perfectly healthy." A marked distinction is drawn between a sense of well-being and real health. Indeed, the authors look upon well-being with great suspicion, as likely to be masking grave disorders that have not yet produced conscious discomfort. "The most exuberant sense of well-being," they tell us, "may be associated with most serious disorder. Hence the recognition of well-being as a cloak covering every sort of disorder is of primary importance." This sense of well-being, in spite of bodily disorder, the authors attribute to the temporary effectiveness of bodily compensation. But this compensation itself, they suggest, is apt to bring fresh troubles with it.

Even if we accept the authors' standard of health, we can but be astonished at the small proportion of average people found to possess it. Not much of the physical illness brought to light can be directly put down to poverty, for we are told that "the families who join the Centre are well above the poverty line; they do not suffer from shortage of food, heat, light or housing. The wage levels vary from the lowest of £2 5*s*. to £10 or more a week." Of the 500 families examined, 441 of the fathers were in permanent or regular employment. Nor were all the unsuspected ailments discovered trivial. They included 62 cases of heart disorder, of which only four were attending the doctor; 57 cases of kidney disorder, of which nine were attending the doctor; 26 cases of appendicitis, of which only five were acute or obvious, and 37 cases of gastric ulcer.

All these people were put in the way of getting such medical or surgical treatment as can be had. What has been the result? I quote the actual words of the Report: "The course of many maladies has been arrested with success and with satisfaction to the sufferer. But has this been followed in all cases by a great rebound towards health? In a large number of instances, no. Curing major or minor maladies did not always give health. Too many individuals remained devitalised."

To an ordinary practising doctor like myself certain questions suggest themselves. Realising the impotence of current therapeutics in dealing with the great majority of bodily and mental disorders, I cannot help wondering what is the value to an individual who feels himself to be well, to be made aware of imperfections at present irremediable. The Peckham experiment seems to me to have proved the case for a periodic "health examination" of every man, woman and child in the country. But I feel that at present such examinations should be concentrated on discovering those conditions for which medicine or surgery or social economic provision can do something helpful. As the title of their Report suggests, Drs. Williamson and Pearse have aims in view additional to that of immediately benefiting those who become members of their tempting club. They are engaged in important research, biologic and hygienic, from which ultimate results of the highest value may well emerge. "As biologists," they tell us, "we are engaged in a quest for Health. So far the search has not been productive." It seems to me that the Peckham Health Centre is not so much a model for national imitation as a valuable laboratory wherein biological problems may be studied and hygienic truths discovered. Meanwhile, do not let us take too gloomy a view, or wax too righteously indignant, when we are told that out of 1,530 average fellow-citizens, only 144 are found to be in the enjoyment of perfect health. Death is so universal a happening that one is bound to feel sceptical even about that 144.

HARRY ROBERTS

QUICK WORK

SITTING under an ash-tree in the garden, I spent the better part of Whit-Monday watching the cricket match that was being played on the common. What a charming picture the words "village cricket" conjure up! They seem to breathe the spirit of summer in England—of leisurely good nature handed down from sire to son during the centuries, of hard but genial contest in the sunshine on the greenest grass on earth, of life disporting itself within view of a beautiful old church surrounded by peaceful graves and within reach of the ale in that close neighbour of the church, the village inn. The English have in recent years, as a result of Mr. Shaw's teaching, come to be regarded as a sentimental race, and there is nothing about which they are more sentimental than village cricket. How often, in railway trains and in public-houses, have I fallen into conversation with an Englishman during a Test Match season and heard him confessing, with a soft eye and a reminiscent shake of the head: "I tell you what *I* like—village cricket." I suspect many of the Englishmen who made this remark to me of never having sat through a cricket match in their lives. But their confession was none the less honest on that account. Deep down in his heart, the natural Englishman does love village cricket. It is his perpetual daydream—the earthly paradise of his imagination—a piece of his inherited piety.

Mr. Ivor Brown, eminent enemy of humbug, has told us that there is a great deal of nonsense talked about village cricket, and that village cricket can be not only extremely bad but extremely dull. Not that Mr. Brown fails to appreciate the flavour of good village cricket, but he is lacking in piety towards village cricket as a thing in itself. On this point, I am inclined to side with the humbugs and to maintain that village cricket, good, bad or indifferent, is justly an object of national pride and affection to Englishmen. At its worst it is not so dull as dull county cricket. For one thing, it is possible to watch an entire game from start to finish in a single day, whereas at a day's county cricket the spectator often sees only an inconclusive exhibition of uninteresting batting and bowling. I cannot help thinking there is something wrong with a game at which at least half the spectators cannot expect to see the finish. It is said of some games that the game is for the players, not for the spectators; but this is obviously not true of county cricket. Hence it seems to me that rules should long ago have been devised which would have created a game that could be finished in a single day. It may be, of course, that the framers of the rules of cricket were prophets who foresaw the coming of an age of leisure in which thousands of citizens, with time hanging on their hands, would be able to spend three days a week looking at a cricket match. I doubt this, however. The three-day cricket match, I fancy, originated in an age of leisurely aristocracy. A hard-working democracy, with only half-holidays to amuse itself in, may learn to love such a game, but it would scarcely have invented it.

So I mused—mistakenly, it may be—as I sat under the ash-tree and watched the wickets falling on the common. Not that the batting was reckless or incompetent. On the contrary, much of it was extremely enjoyable. But no batsman came in with a feeling that he had the whole day before him and that he could well afford to spend an hour or two wearing down the bowling. Every batsman was keen to get runs as quickly as possible, and every bowler was keen to get wickets as quickly as possible; and the fielders did their work like a Chapman or a Hendren, who had only a couple of hours in which to get the other side out. Hence there was a fine succession of boundary hits, fallen wickets, quick throws-in, and infallible catches.

I do not know how the game stood at teatime when each side had had an innings; but, after the tea-interval, what cricket we saw! The spirit of tip-and-run had entered into the game. The batsmen stole runs at the peril of their lives. Not that any of them aimed at scoring a single: every man of them struck out at every possible ball with a view to a boundary. And it was astonishing to see how many boundaries they scored. It was as though, having abandoned prudence, they batted with all the greater assurance. They had taken for their motto: "Every man a Jessop," and, like Jessop, they scored more runs in five minutes than a careful batsman could score in half an hour. Naturally, they quickly got themselves out, as who would not, with one of the bowlers taking tiger-springs like Gregory as he bowled and aiming well and truly at the stumps?

What I liked particularly, however, was that, when a batsman got out, he ran like a hare to the pavilion and was met by another batsman running like a hare to take his place. The whole game during this period was played at a run. At the end of an over, the fielders ran to their new positions. The wicket-keeper ran down the pitch so that no time might be wasted before the next over. Even the umpires, one of whom was smoking a cigarette, ran, their white coats flapping in the breeze.

The end of an innings was declared, and the game became more exhilarating than ever. The ball on the bat sounded joyfully, and a good crack sent it to earth far out in the long grass of the common. To save time, one of the umpires produced another ball from his pocket so that the game could go on without the waste of a moment. Another ball was slogged into a clump of bushes and lost. Two players went to look for it. The others did not mind their absence; they went on cheerfully with their game. And so it continued, every batsman enjoying a short life and a merry one, with another batsman running from the pavilion to take his place and succeed to his Achillean fate. "This," I said to myself, as the game ended, "is the most enjoyable cricket I have seen for years. You never see cricket like this at Lord's."

There is, it must be admitted, a peculiar pleasure to be got from the spectacle of fast play. Even the inexpert feel it: possibly, they feel it more than the expert, who are more interested in the fine points of the game. As one of the inexpert, I confess to a longing to have been at Lord's on Saturday, when Smith of Middlesex scored 68 runs in 20 minutes in the match against Sussex. To see Smith hitting one of his sixes is one of the minor pleasures in life in modern London. And yet, once when I praised Smith to an expert, he laughed at me and said: "He can't bat. He has no strokes." It is true, I suppose, that, if everyone batted in the spirit of Smith, we should have no Woolleys or Macartneys. Edrich, if he batted like Smith, would not now be the rising hope of England, or what is called England when Test Matches are being played. Probably, in cricket as in a symphony, it is best to have a mixture of the slow and the fast: no one would like symphonies to be one eternal prestissimo. It would be possible to write a defence of slowness as one of the conditions of grace and fine workmanship. We who were young in the 'nineties certainly belauded slowness as the duty of the good writer. We venerated Flaubert and Stevenson as masters who waited, however long, for the right word. Even those of us who loved Scott agreed with the critic who deplored his "fatal facility." We felt that he wrote too much in the slapdash mood of the slogger in village cricket. We demanded of writers that they should emulate the tortoise rather than the hare, though, of course, we expected them to be much more brilliant than the tortoise. Style and haste, we told ourselves, are incompatible. And, like the cricket experts, we insisted upon the importance of style.

Whether we were right or not, I do not know. One of the most famous living novelists has said that a novelist ought not to have too much style, and it may be that a too laborious style slows down the narrative. If Scott had been as patient a writer as Stevenson, he might have been a duller storyteller. It is, in fact, absurd to idealise either speed or slowness as a good thing in itself. This is probably as true of cricket as of prose-writing. Village-cricket is good; but first-class cricket has also something to be said for it. Still, as I sat under the ash-tree on Monday and watched cricket being played at a gallop, I became for the moment an ardent convert to belief in the beauty of speed. Let a little of the same spirit of reckless haste be infused into first-class cricket, and we shall never again see, as I saw a year or two ago, spectators at a Test Match at Lord's lying on the grass below the Press-box sound asleep.

Y. Y.

THERE ARE BOMBERS AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN

(With acknowledgments to Rose Fyleman.)

THERE are bombers at the bottom of my garden,
But I'm not a teeny weeny bit afraid,
'Cause good Sir Samuel Hoare told us long before the war
What to do for home protection in a raid.
So we've made a lovely refuge with brown paper
On the Nursery-Anti-Gas-Precautions Plan—
I 'spect some people doubt poison gas can be kept out—
Well, it can.

There are bombers at the bottom of my garden,
But experts say they won't be there for long,
'Cause our air-arm (one to three) will chase them out to sea
And our anti-aircraft guns are going strong.
I'm not the leastest bit surprised to see them,
'Cause Baldwin told us bombers *must* get through,
And I think it's awful good that we've got Sir Kingsley Wood—
Well, don't you?

There are bombers at the bottom of my garden,
But Inskip says that home's the safest place,
So we'll just sit here and wait in our 10 × 10 × 8,
And my dolly's got a gas-mask, just in case.
And if *our* bombers bomb *these* bombers' countries,
Well, foreign countries have *their* A.R.P.,
So no little girls and boys need be gassed among their toys,
And I hope they'll all be just as safe as me.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

AFRICAN UNREST

SIR,—When I was in Jamaica in 1925 what struck me most was the widespread resentment against the attitude of the higher officials. And when I last visited West Africa in 1933 it was remarkable to hear the same resentment expressed in the same terms. Our public is being misled by those who say that the cause of the prevailing unrest is economic, the low price of Gold Coast cocoa, the poor wages West Indian planters pay. That is not true. The real trouble is that the people are not allowed to know why cocoa and sugar are so cheap. Africans have ordinary human minds and are content, so long as they are left in peace on land enough to grow their food upon, to do without the things money buys until better times come, but only if they know it cannot be helped. But the recent policy of the Colonial Office, and of those whom it appoints to govern, is to keep them in ignorance. Hence the rapid spread, in all countries inhabited by Africans, of the belief that the reason they get so little for their produce or labour is that the Europeans who buy their produce and hire their labour are making fortunes out of them, with the connivance of their Governments. They find proof of that belief in the way they are treated socially and politically. They are told to be "good Africans, not bad Europeans." They are sedulously taught that King George sent Sir A. or General B. to rule over them, so that criticism or complaint is disloyalty. Every effort to start a popular movement is punished by imprisonment as sedition. Last year a man got ten years in Barbados for a speech that in a free country no one would think twice about. Last month the Privy Council sustained the appeal of a man who had been convicted of sedition in the Gold Coast, thanks to the help of friends of liberty in this country. Few are so fortunate and meanwhile wrongful convictions continue.

The fundamental fact is that during the last fifty years the colour bar has been introduced, insidiously, into all British African Dependencies until now in some it is as high and wide as in the Union of South Africa. There is an axe that might and should be used upon this upas tree. The British Government, with the approval of Parliament, should publicly announce that the preparation of the common people for self-government is henceforth to be the chief aim of the Governments of all the Imperial Dependencies, and the same public announcement should also be made by every Colonial Governor and by every District Officer to the people of his District. The importance of the economic factor in unrest is plain for all to see. No one can quarrel with Lord Harlech's assertion that he could not have controlled the world price of sugar. But that a man so able and experienced should suppose that prices are the key to African unrest shows what the darkness is that envelopes Downing Street. If the Colonial Office wants to stop African unrest now—its permanent cure is another matter—let it adopt the simple programme of land for all Africans who want it, no direct taxation of the poorest and the franchise for all literates. NORMAN LEYS

Yalding, Kent.

P.S.—The wage-rates Lord Olivier quotes as prevailing in Jamaica are from two to five times those paid in East Africa. The following rates are given in various official papers: men employed in mining gold in Kenya, 11*s.* 6*d.* a month; labourers employed by the Nyasaland Government, 8*s.* a month; labourers in Rhodesian tobacco plantations, 5*s.* to 8*s.* a month. Historians tell us that in 1789 the peasants in France were better-off than elsewhere in Europe. Similarly to-day the first African community to become politically awake is the relatively prosperous Jamaican.

OIL IN MEXICO

SIR,—Your article on Mexico treated the oil situation as an incident of the struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots," but I wish you would give the oil devil his due. Oil is cheap because the big international companies have built up world-wide distributing organisations of the most efficient type, and being cheap it has blessed millions of Oriental peasants burning their oil lamps as well as hundreds of thousands of industrial workers who cater for the motor transport industry. If oil were nationalised everywhere it would mean the end of efficient international distribution and the end of cheapness of oil. The oil companies may stand for much that Socialism abhors, but a Socialist should be certain before condemning them that humanity in general would not be poorer without them.

Your article implied that the strikes of the Mexican oil-workers were the result of spontaneous, justifiable discontent, that the investigations of the Mexican Labour Authorities were impartially conducted and that the tactics of the British Foreign Office were dictated by the City of London. Further inquiry might have corrected these beliefs. I would draw your attention to a booklet entitled *The Mexican Oil Strike of* 1937, which was published by the oil companies in English and Spanish. The last paragraph suggested that:

> Any margin of profit over and above the rate to which so hazardous a venture is legitimately entitled . . . should be distributed by way of an excess profits tax, not among the small and already privileged class of oil-workers, but among the community as a whole.

The paragraph went on to say that the use of such excess profits to alleviate the lot of the agricultural worker, and to bring his living conditions somewhat more into harmony with those of his favoured industrial brother, would be a wise application of "social justice."

It may be difficult for you to believe that this advice was disinterested, but that is not the point. At least it was practical and sensible advice, and President Cardenas, if the betterment of the peon means more to him than the twisting of capitalist tails, may have begun to wish he had adopted it.

Athenaeum Club, NICHOLAS DAVENPORT
S.W.1.

[The decency of particular oil or other capitalist companies does not affect the desire and right of Mexican people to run their own show. Nor does it affect the general case against the dictatorship of international capitalism.—ED. N.S. & N.]

FIGHTING FASCISM

SIR,—I for one welcome your lucid and timely article on the Peace Movement in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Its excellence is impaired, however, by a failure to appreciate the significance of an aspect of the pacifist case on which considerable stress is now being laid, and which should, I think, materially affect your final balance.

In the course of your article you refer to Dick Sheppard's proposal to send a Peace Army to Geneva, and to your advice to him to send it to Italy instead, and conclude that the pacifist "tends sometimes to direct his protest to the wrong address."

I concur in that criticism, but would point out that the policy of the P.P.U. has developed enormously since then. The P.P.U. now clearly sees that our duty is not to preach to the Italian and German people, but to remove the economic barriers—for which we are chiefly responsible—which make peaceful relations between our several countries impossible.

That change of attitude is exceedingly important, because its effect will be to transfer the centre of gravity, so to speak, from the Dictators to the people, thereby considerably reducing the power of the former and thus the possibility of war.

In the present world economic situation, wherein the "Have" Powers possess enormous advantages through their vast imperial monopolies, the common people of Italy and Germany have no case against their Dictators when they are asked to fight in order to secure vitally necessary food, markets and raw materials. But were Britain, say, to adopt such economic measures as you suggested only last week—measures which ended Colonial Imperialism and inaugurated an era of international economic co-operation—the situation would immediately change. The psychological effect of such measures (to the world-wide broadcasting of which special attention would be paid), would be so enormous as to transfer the balance of power from the Dictators to the people. And the Dictators would be the first to know it.

Thus to your complaint that pacifists "should admit that Hitler is not likely to slow down his advance in response to the protests or offers of people who declare in advance that they will in no circumstances fight," I would reply that while Fascist Dictators and their staffs might, by reason of their ideology, interpret a refusal to fight as a sign of weakness, and be inclined to rush in to take advantage of it, the masses, either in Italy or Germany, do not accept that ideology, have no interest in conquest as such, and hate war as much as we do. In my view British peace action should be concentrated upon uniting those masses with the masses in the democratic countries, and there is only one way in which that can be done—that above indicated. It is the masses who will decide the issue of war and peace, and indeed of Fascism itself, in the long run.

The policy suggested would thus do two things; it would widen the gulf between the Dictators and the people in Fascist countries, and at the same time bring the people of all lands who passionately desire justice, liberty and peace into a living unity. The only way to defeat the Dictators is to isolate them, and the only way to do that is to separate their legitimate grievances against the democratic Powers from their schemes for power and dominion. When that has been done, the Fascist ideology will stand out in all its stark reality, and will incur the revolt of decent and sober-minded people everywhere. Such a revolt is manifest in Italy and Germany to-day on a wide scale. Professor Gagga, an Italian public prosecutor, has recently admitted that no district in Italy is free from rebellious activity. In Germany there are wide areas of revolt, as we know, including the Evangelical Church, the Catholic Church, millions of silent Socialists, Communists, Pacifists, and of course Jews, and even, latterly, Big Business.

In that revolt, with all that it signifies, lies the hope of peace. Our job is to secure alliance with it, and the road thereto is via economic justice, the ending of Imperialism with all its devastating monopolies, the extension of real freedom to all the backward races—in other words, giving some sign of the emergence of sanity in the world.

And what is the alternative? You state it fairly as "that nice adjustment of threat and concession that is called diplomacy." In other words, a game of military bluff. It won't work, for bluff is always found out. If you know you dare not go to war because war involves Fascism, you had better withdraw from the war system altogether, since otherwise you will not be able to escape war. In the world economic conditions of to-day the "Have-not" Powers sooner or later will be compelled to choose between war for the monopoly control of food, markets and raw materials, and revolution, and when that choice presents itself I am convinced the Dictators will choose war. Hitler could afford to postpone the struggle over Czechoslovakia the other day, but when the next world slump arrives he will be compelled to face the alternatives indicated. Then the bluff will be called.

I would go even farther and say that if one's policy involves war in the last resort, all is lost. Current events are proving that each new crisis drives every political party and every pacifist body which finally falls back on violence—Collective Security—farther and farther from constructive action and more and more into reliance upon armaments. The Czechoslovakia crisis and its aftermath—increased concentration upon armaments and the demand for adding to our allies—conclusively prove that Collective Security means war sooner or later; and war, as you rightly state, now involves Fascism also. Moreover, since we now know that even the attempt to crush Fascism by war will fasten that octopus upon all those who are so misguided as to make the attempt, it is clear that Fascism will never be destroyed from without, that it can only be destroyed from within.

Thus constructive pacifism is the only hope of escaping the two outstanding evils of our time, war and Fascism.

12 Victoria Avenue, WILFRED WELLOCK
Quinton, Birmingham.

SIR,—The most constructive sentence in Kingsley Martin's instructive article on the Peace Movement is certainly

> "the job—the only one worth attempting in the world and becoming clearly more difficult to accomplish is to defeat Fascism without war. . . ."

Although this task as seen from this country might seem well-nigh impossible, it does not appear so to those fighting against Hitler and for peace within Germany. In fact, the cornerstone of the anti-Fascist struggle has become Dimitroff's word that Fascism will die of peace.

The Communists, often decried here, both by the Right and the pure pacifists, as warmongers, have it, in fact, within their power to destroy a dangerous line of thought within some anti-Nazi circles, namely, "That Hitler can only be overthrown during or after a war," a thought based on historic precedents and not improbable in itself. Yet the Communists correctly point out that this view supports Hitler's war preparations and even may justify a war by pseudo-anti-Fascist arguments.

Although it is common knowledge in England that Fascism is the main enemy of peace, it has never been well understood that peace is the main enemy of Fascism.

Fascism is driven into foreign adventures, not by sheer lust of conquest, but for the reason that it is incapable by its very structure of solving its own contradictions within. Fascism, as distinct from a reactionary dictatorship of the old type, has as its main basis a social (or pseudo-Socialist) programme—it has either to fulfil this programme or to lose its main basis.

The agitation for colonies or districts outside of the Reich is linked with the promise that conquest will solve the social problem, and it is not by accident that, at times when opposition increased in Germany, a new success in the foreign field became essential.

But—and that is what pacifists here must see—only if it becomes impossible for Hitler to stave off discontent at home by successes in foreign affairs will the opposition be able to make use of the growing discontent. Only if Hitler is stopped by what now is called the peace block, can war be averted and Fascism be defeated in peace.

The now fashionable belief in the "inevitability of war" leaves out of account the one force in the world which can secure peace by the defeat of Fascism without war, the German anti-Fascist. But we must help this force to defeat Fascism by refusing to yield to Nazi-blackmail.

All sections of the Peace movement here can at least have one thing in common—in fact, the one thing that might be able to unite *all* peace-lovers—pure pacifists and those who stand for Collective Security, their full support for the heroic German opposition.

This support implies to help their fight with the most practical means and at the same time to make it impossible for Fascism to be freed from its internal contradictions by successes in the international field. We must see the link between our stand for peace here and the fight against Fascism in Germany.

Mr. Kingsley Martin said the one job worth attempting is to defeat Fascism without war. The German anti-Fascists are attempting it—let us help them to win peace for the German people and the world. A GERMAN

TOWN PLANNING

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Purdom's letter of June 4th, I feel that the advocates of decentralisation have not perhaps quite recognised the actual problems of housing and town planning with which we are faced.

It is generally thought that English towns are overcrowded. Yet, on analysis, this is not the case. In Birmingham there are only twenty persons to the acre, averaged over the whole city; in Leeds twelve; in Manchester twenty-eight. There is, in fact, ample room for replanning and rebuilding towns within their existing boundaries, allowing space for industry as well as for every other human activity. Unnecessary roads, disused sites and abandoned factories waste more land than is realised; as, for instance, in one of the Liverpool redevelopment schemes where no fewer than 14 acres of road-surface out of the 61-acre site were found to be redundant.

With the prospect of a decreasing, or at least stationary, population I would therefore urge that the structure of existing towns should be examined before either decentralisation or the creation of new satellite towns is advocated.

In my opinion, our problem in England is how best to tighten the sprawling fabric of the towns, how to rehouse the people within existing boundaries in planned humanised communities, how to eliminate unnecessary roads, sewers and other services, how to subordinate industry to its rightful position and refuse to allow it to dominate living conditions, how to restore the people's self-respect. This will, obviously, require a more reasonable and traditional view of urban planning and development. The return to a modernised form of the Regency terrace, crescent and square type of development, built at thirty and forty dwellings to the acre, would provide the most satisfactory and inexpensive type of urban, family home which has yet been devised, while blocks of flats with communal facilities could well be built to any height for unmarried or childless people. Certainly the regeneration of existing cities should precede their extension by yet more suburbs developed at twelve dwellings to the acre, or the creation of new "garden cities" built on valuable agricultural land.

11 Princes Street, ELIZABETH DENBY
Hanover Square, W.1.

THE UNCONSCIOUS EGO

SIR,—Mr. Osborn complains that I accused him of giving an extremely tendentious account of psycho-analytic theory in his book, *The Psychology of Reaction*. I am afraid he has much more than that to complain of in my review. I said it was not only tendentious but garbled, that nowhere did the author show any sign of accepting scientific disciplines, and I suggested that his mixture of Communism and psychology was not so much smug as religious in type. I did so, not, as Mr. Osborn suggests, because he tried "to show that psycho-analysis has an important part to play in the promotion of social progress," but because I believe an *ex parte* propagandist tract should not be given a title properly reserved for scientific textbooks.

If more proof be needed of the author's shaky claim to write with authority on this subject, it is contained in his letter to you. In order to prove his counter-charge that I have somehow produced "a travesty of Freudian theory" (itself no mean feat in a brief review) he gives in a few paragraphs a completely misleading account of my review and attributes to me a number of views I do not hold and which in any case do not follow from anything I said. Commenting on the author's suggestion that under Communism man's reactionary tendencies would be nicely sublimated, I indicated the need for sober reflection. Sublimation, I pointed out, is an unconscious process and there is no guarantee that man (whether Socialist or Fascist) will accept the substitutes for primitive impulse offered him by educators and *a fortiori* by politicians. This perfectly reasonable comment has given rise to a crop of fallacious sociological deductions, which Mr. Osborn forthwith fathers on me. I did not say, as he implies, that sublimation is the *only* means of communication between the unconscious and consciousness. It was not within my province as reviewer to instruct the author on the variety of channels of communication or to assess those ways and means whereby the unconscious can be influenced. But I cannot help remarking that this correspondence provides an apt illustration of the very difficulty I mentioned. For it would appear that the writing of propagandist books or, as Mr. Osborn no doubt sees it, the tendentious reviewing of innocent textbooks, is but one more example of the fact that sublimation, however admirable and enjoyable a mechanism, is neither initiated nor effectively controlled by conscious processes of thought.

18 Wimpole Street, W.1. EDWARD GLOVER

THE SECRETS OF ABINGDON STREET

SIR,—Under this heading, on 4th June, over the name of Robert Byron, you publish what professes to be an account of the proceedings in relation to the rebuilding of Abingdon Street, in which my name is mentioned several times.

At the moment I am in hospital suffering from the effects of an operation which will keep me on my back for a little time yet, but I wish to protest strongly against some of the suppositions in that article. I say suppositions because a great many of the statements are entirely untrue. The article is quite unworthy and very cowardly, because I cannot explain the untruths without disclosing the proceedings of the Lord Mayor's Memorial Committee, which I am not in a position to do.

It is, however, with amazement that one reads the innuendo, the disgraceful innuendo, in the article that, because I happen to be Chairman of the London County Council, as well as the Architect for certain buildings, my plans have undue preference. This, Sir, is a suggestion which I believe no one having any knowledge of the integrity of the administration at County Hall would have the impertinence to make.

My own work for a period of over 30 years for the preservation of the amenities of London is known to most people who have had anything to do with them, and I am content to leave my actions to their judgment. I cannot, however, help regretting that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should have published so misleading an article and lent itself to the outrageous suggestion that my public position might be used to further the ends of a project for which my firm is responsible.

21 Ebury Street, S.W.1. EWART G. CULPIN

[We have referred this letter to Mr. Byron, with whose expression of regret we wish to associate ourselves. Mr. Byron writes: "I regret having hurt Mr. Culpin's feelings, and regret, too, that he should think I attacked him while his hands were bound, and hope he will believe I was quite unaware of his position with regard to the Lord Mayor's Committee. The innuendo he sees was not for a moment intended, and I am sorry he should have drawn it."—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

THE TROUBLED MIND

SIR,—In the first place, I would like to express my appreciation of the flattering things said by Mr. Joad in your last week's issue about the modest psychological book, *The Troubled Mind*, written by Dr. Margaret Jackson and myself.

But Mr. Joad, as a good reviewer should be, is possessed by a good deal of the spirit of cross-examining counsel. A book having been sent to him for examination, he rightly feels entitled to put a few questions to the author. In the course of his very complimentary review Mr. Joad says: "I would like to put to Dr. Roberts the question: 'Wherewith is the integration of our conflicting impulses achieved; with what part of our nature, with energy derived from what source?'" Of course, Mr. Joad is far more familiar than I am with the different theories of intellect integration and character integration that have been advanced; and he knows quite well that in the course of a short letter it is impossible for me to give adequate expression to what I believe about these things. He will find an approximate account of my attitude in the second and third chapters of L. T. Hobhouse's *The Rational Good*. Moreover, he knows as well as I do that psychology is what may be called a tentative science; and that nearly all its terms are analogic. If I can find time, I will write a book on the integration of the intellect and of the character; and I will see that Mr. Joad has a presentation copy.

HARRY ROBERTS

Miscellany

ON GREECE

Do people really like ruins, or do they only pretend to like them? Or are they so busy thinking about them that they have never stopped to think whether they like them or not, but continue to visit them, because those who have a vested interest in their visitations have kidded them into the belief that ruins are interesting and important?

I ask these questions because of the puzzling and, from my point of view, humiliating behaviour of my fellow-travellers. Here we are in Greece, visiting the ruins of ancient Greek cities and shrines, Mycenae and Sparta and Delphi and Epidaurus. In the historical significance of these ruins we receive advance instruction in a series of admirably clear and informative lectures, delivered by an exceptionally competent lecturer; so that by the time we reach them it has been conveyed to us that they are enormously impressive, excessively admirable. In due course we visit them, and punctually we admire, unanimously we are impressed. As the mass of elderly sightseers swayed slowly across the ruined theatre of Mycenae, like a fleet of captive balloons dragging at anchor, one heard on every side expressions of gratification and wonder. Reactions, in fact, took place according to schedule; except—and here was my trouble—in myself. So far as I could see, I alone was emotionally recalcitrant, and since I am a biddable person who likes to feel at one with the herd, my lack of response to what so moved my fellow-travellers has occasioned me grave disquietude, so that I am driven to reflect upon its cause. . . .

There are, so far as I can see, two reasons for looking at ruins: the first, because they are beautiful, the second, because they have important historical associations. In their bearing upon the ruins of ancient Greece both these reasons were, in my case, present in full force. I have always accepted on faith the unapproachable beauty of the Parthenon, and my aesthetic taste, such as it is, has been formed by the standards which the builders of the Parthenon were the first to set. I naturally prefer classical architecture to Gothic, classical literature to romantic, formal music to dramatic. As to historical associations, I have had a classical education, which means that between the ages of 12 and 20 the whole of my youthful energies were devoted to acquiring a mastery of the Latin and Greek tongues, and a knowledge of Greek and Roman history. By the time I had finished at Oxford I was literally steeped in the stuff. I thought Greek history a very moving and exciting affair, took as naturally to Greek thought as a duck to water, and saw in the fifth-century Athenian the natural prototype of myself. I had, therefore, every disposition to be interested in his remains and ascended the Acropolis prepared to wonder, prepared even to be thrilled. And incredibly I was not thrilled; I was not even moved. Admittedly, I saw on a grey day a place which requires for its adequate appreciation deep blue sky above and deep blue sea in the distance, but I had seen Delphi and Mycenae under the right conditions, and still I had not been moved. The meaningless lumps of stone which lie about on the hillsides of Greece seem to me to bear about as much relation to the spirit of the ancient Greeks as the plate scourings and empty tins in the dust-bin bear to the good dinner of which they are the refuse, as much to formal beauty as the entrails of a dead sheep and the tail of a dead horse to the Mozart quartet which the violinist evokes by drawing the latter across the former. The acerbity of these remarks—it is only fair to point out—may be in part due to the series of aesthetic snubs which the Parthenon administered to me. Continually I was disconcerted to discover that such features of the place as gave me pleasure were simply not there in the days of Pericles. For example, I incautiously admired the lovely honey colour of the marble, only to be told that this was the effect of time or the Turk—I forget which—and that the marble of the fifth century Parthenon was variously and brightly coloured. I was impressed by the vista through the portico at the western end of the Parthenon where, through two enormous pillars, one gets a view of Athens and the bay of Salamis beyond, a view which, seen through the aperture between the pillars, obtains the added significance which one derives from looking at a distant prospect from between one's fingers, or even backwards through one's legs. But in fifth-century Athens the vista was simply not there. There was only a blank wall. As with the colour of the marble, as with the vista through the pillars, so it was with whatever I was so unfortunate as to admire.

As to the evocation of historical associations, I tried my hardest, but it is difficult to evoke history in a crowd. When our party ascended it, the Acropolis looked like nothing so much as a flypaper which has been unusually successful in the matter of covering itself with flies. Some there were who, withdrawing themselves apart, sat for considerable periods on tombs and rocks and gazed in modified solitude and unmodified rapture at the Parthenon. They were no doubt seeing the building in the context of the past, investing the dry bones with the flesh and blood of living fifth-century Athenians. Perhaps they were visualising the gorgeous procession of the Pan-Athenaia, the priests and the magistrates, the maidens and the knights, setting forth to do honour to Athene on the day of her greatest festival. Perhaps, perhaps not. Personally, I could not help wondering, as I watched these solitary contemplators, as Samuel Butler wondered about Mendelssohn in the Tribune Room at the Uffizi gallery, how many chalks they gave themselves for having sat for twenty minutes contemplating on the tombs. I wondered how often they looked at their watches to see if the twenty minutes were up. . . .

Now all this may, it is obvious, be due to pure spleen, the desire to compensate for one's insensitivity by calling sour grapes at what one is unable to enjoy. I comfort myself with two reflections. First, I feel reasonably sure that nobody would have been less interested in ruins than the ancient Athenians themselves. Living wholly in the present, they had no sense of the past. Now I, as I have already explained, admire the ancient Athenians. Secondly, I found the Greek countryside as exciting, as I found its ruins dull. The hills at Delphi and Mycenae, upon whose sides these meaningless lumps of stone lay scattered, form the most lovely natural amphitheatres that I have ever anywhere seen. On the whole, I dislike foreign beauties, and tend to judge every countryside by the degree of its likeness to the English. Is there grass? Are there the kinds of trees and flowers that I know? If so, it is approved. Is there no grass, but only barren scrub? Are vines and olives the predominant features? If so, it is condemned. (I do not defend these insular prejudices: I merely state them.)

Now the Greek countryside is both like and unlike. It is like in the shapes of its mountains. These are uniformly graceful. Unlike those great hulks of unmanageable rock, the Alps, that stun rather than delight the gaze, they fall naturally into lovely lines, gracious and proportionable. Also, as in Wales and Scotland, they come right down to the sea. Cruising along the Gulf of Corinth one might, indeed, be sailing on a Scottish loch. At least, it is permissible to think so, until one comes to look more closely, and notes that, though the outlines are the same, the details are wholly different. The soil is barren and rocky, more barren, more rocky than in the days of the ancient Greeks owing, it is said, to the destruction of the trees by the Turks and the depredations of the goats who, in the course of centuries, have scratched away its surface. But from this apparently inhospitable soil there springs a most incredible profusion of wild flowers: anemones and marigolds, antirrhinums, cowslips, vetches, lupins, orchids, mountain roses and asphodel—this last, by the way, rather disappointing—and a mass of flowering trees and shrubs. It is not clear to me why God made the cactus, but for the rest, the maples, the mulberries, the poplars, the Judas trees—one could have nothing but delighted admiration. There are very few roads and practically no cars (in order to transport our party to Sparta cars had, we were told, to be collected from all parts of Greece), and the normal method of progression is by mule. The drachma stands at between five and six hundred to the pound and living is unbelievably cheap. What a country for a holiday, if it were not for its government!

It fell to my lot to lecture in Athens. My subject, semi-philosophical, semi-political, had been announced several weeks in advance. A few days before our cruise started, I received a letter warning me that, in view of recent changes in the political situation in Greece, it was important that I should avoid any reference to current affairs. On arrival in Athens there was a series of meals with official personages, both English and Greek. All impressed upon me the same warning; there must be no reference, not even the remotest, to politics. It appeared that, a few weeks before, Mr. Wedgwood Benn had delivered a lecture on the British Commonwealth, in the course of which he had remarked that one of the greatest of the gifts that the British Commonwealth had given to the world was liberty. With one accord, the audience had risen to its feet and cheered and applauded for several minutes. Altogether the scene had been an outrage upon the proprieties of any properly regulated dictatorship, and it must not, I gathered, be allowed to occur again. On the morning of my lecture an excited official from the Censor's Department asked to see a copy of my MS. There was no MS. For some time the fate of the lecture hung in the balance. Was it to be delivered, or not? In the end the risk was taken, and to a hall lined at the back with policemen I lectured on Plato and Aristotle.

From newspaper correspondents and others I heard alarming stories of restriction and oppression; of men chained together for hours at a stretch, rotting for months in prison without charge or trial, of men beaten up, ruined, exiled—the name Venezelos cannot, it appears, now be mentioned in Greece—of infinitely multitudinous regulations—the dictator is said to make four new laws every day. A friend gave me a letter to post in England. It was written by a well-to-do Athenian, whose son was at an English preparatory school. The son was growing up and was entitled to an increase in pocket money; in fact he was to receive 10*s*. a term. And so the father was writing to his bank in England asking that this amount should be paid each term to the son by way of pocket money. Now this letter could not be posted in Greece. Why not? Because it would almost certainly have been opened and would have been regarded as a contravention of the law against sending money out of the country, with disastrous results to the sender.

What a relief to return to the boat! What comfort and reassurance in the spectacle of the English upper middle class, the pro-Consuls, the Canons, the Headmasters and their wives dressing for dinner, taking their baths, wondering whether to take their mackintoshes, deciding not to take the dog. Revolutions may come and dictators may go, Fascism and Communism may tear the continent in twain, Europe may be visibly preparing for suicide, but the hot baths, the mackintoshes, the dogs continue to be taken or not taken, as the case may be. And they will continue, one feels, for eternity. For these people are immovable. They are part of the cosmic furniture of the universe. For them stokers will sweat in torrid stoke-holes and stewards sleep in ill-ventilated cubby-holes in order that, unto the very end of time, their ships may cruise pleasantly in the Mediterranean, and their tables be spread punctually with food four times a day. A superficial observer might regard them merely as mechanisms for turning high-grade nourishment into low-grade manure, but to a deeper view they symbolise the essential stability of things. One feels it to be inconceivable that anything could occur to upset their equanimity. Providence itself, if it conceived the attempt, would only have to look at them to abandon it, so surely would they outface it. To one whose ears had been deafened by the chatter of excited foreigners, whose paper is full of wars and rumours of wars, who is daily informed that Capitalism is tottering amid revolution to its fall, who has seen policemen at his lecture, they were indeed reassuring.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE MOVIES

"Orage," at the Curzon.
"L'Alibi," at Studio One.
"Blockade," at the London Pavilion.

ORAGE is almost as brilliant a film as its predecessor *Gribouille*, which was made by the same technical team and the same director (Marc Allegret). Not quite, because the Henri Bernstein story is rather too rigidly enclosed within the conventional amorous triangle. "Amour, amour!" is the unceasing burden of these reels, and though the lovers are always real people, the outside world might have been allowed with advantage to impinge more frequently on their predicaments. The happily married chief engineer of the naval base at Marseilles (Charles Boyer) goes to Paris on business, and, at the request of his love-lorn brother-in-law, visits the girl for whom the latter is breaking his heart: a casual, witty and independent creature who, since she is Mlle. Michele Morgan, the charming heroine of *Gribouille*, has no difficulty in bowling over both the engineer and ourselves. The scene in which she receives him in her cheap Montmartre bedroom, in darkness because the bulb has burst and she can't afford a new one, nonchalantly chattering and dressing by the light of the neon signs across the street, is one of the freshest variations of Boy Meets Girl yet seen on the screen. By the time candles have arrived his loyalty is already shaken; by the end of the evening they are in the depths of the country, indulging in a passion so absorbing and continuous that the inn servant complains that she cannot get at their bedroom for days on end. Many such touches of amusing detail enliven the story of their love and reveal the unusual character of the girl, but soon it is time for the situation to be resolved on classic lines and we are not spared even the mistress's suicide when she learns that the wife is about to have a baby. What lifts the film out of the conventional rutting is the entire character of Françoise and the artless, untidy charm with which it is played by Mlle. Morgan; but then all the acting is good. Jean-Louis Barrault, the tortured hero of *Le Puritain*, scores a second brilliant success as one of Françoise's neglected lovers; and M. Boyer, allowed by his Hollywood contract to make one French film a year, and feeling, no doubt, rather like Proserpine emerging from the underworld, extracts from his rôle every ounce of humanity and sense. The picture, a visit to which is highly recommended, fails only in its conventional sketch of the wife and its exclusion of all aspects of life save one. Its photography is notably good.

L'Alibi, on the other hand, struck me as the most incompetent and uninteresting French film I have seen for some time. The quality of the photography was so poor that objects in the middle distance were reduced to fuzzy blobs and the characters seemed, in close-up, to be recovering from leprosy or at least small-pox. The sound was little better, and were it not for the perfection in both these respects of *Carnet de Bal*, one would have assumed the Studio One apparatus to be at fault. It is a story of murder, but not a mystery, so that our interest must depend upon the development of character and the ingenuity of the murderer's attempt to establish his alibi; in both of which it fails. The characters, in spite of Erich von Stroheim, Louis Jouvet and Albert Préjean, never come to life, the night club background is treated without imagination, and the steps by which the alibi is disproved are too easily foreseen to hold our attention. The only bright spot is provided by an anonymous newspaper boy whose two-minute performance sparkles with character, humour and intelligence.

Against the showing of *Blockade* protests have been lodged by representatives of General Franco, who threaten to ban it and other Walter Wanger pictures from Spain and Italy. When a film reaches us with such capital credentials as these it is sad to have to record that it is simply a cheap spy melodrama which has had the impertinence to use the Spanish struggle as its background. It is true that Henry Fonda, looking desperately unlike a Spanish peasant, begins the film with a passionate rallying of his comrades to the defence of their native earth and concludes it with an appeal to the conscience of the world to prevent the slaughter of civilians. But in between comes a hackneyed, studio-reeking story of lovely blonde spy (Madeleine Carroll) compelled by suave villain (John Halliday) to prevent a food-ship from reaching a blockaded and starving Spanish port. The pathos that Hollywood has contrived to extract from this grimly realistic situation is quite miraculously false; three hungry children, for example, are shown at a window watching the food-ship go to the bottom, and murmuring: "Now it's gone. . . . Why did they do that? . . . We must have been very naughty."

PETER GALWAY

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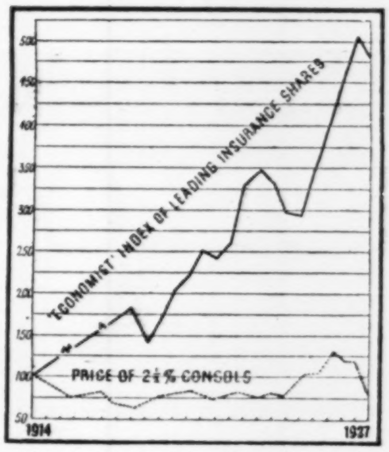

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GLYNDEBOURNE AND COVENT GARDEN

THE revived productions of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* are now taking place in their customary splendour at Glyndebourne and, on the whole, to the vast satisfaction of music lovers who are fortunate enough to hear them. In the case of *Figaro* there are hardly any reservations to be made; the present Glyndebourne production must be one of the best that has ever been given of this masterpiece. The reservations are first of all as to the scenery—which is insipid though pretty and much to the average taste in these matters—and, secondly, as to the new arrangement of the dance in Act III. Last year this was perfectly done; this year it is commonplace, tasteless, and quite contrary to the spirit of Mozart's work. How strange that once having achieved perfection in a minor but important detail the musical director and the producer should not have been able to recognise and keep it! This fact reminds me that the chief defect in Mr. Carl Ebert's great talent as a producer is fussiness, an inability to leave well alone.

Several of the artists in the cast of *Figaro* have actually improved on their performances, namely, Audrey Mildmay and Marita Farell. The latter is now one of the best Cherubinos I have seen; she looks the part admirably, has gained in sensitiveness and spirit and also has developed in her singing. From Mariano Stabile as Figaro we expect a masterly performance and we get it, while Brownlee's Count Almaviva and Aulikki Rautawaara's Countess have many very rare qualities. I wish Mr. Heddle Nash could learn some restraint and subtlety in acting from his colleagues. I say this not so much in criticism of his performance as Basilio as in remembrance of his previous performances in *Cosi fan Tutte*, the revival of which still awaits us this year. Mr. Nash is always in danger of overacting, both with his voice and his person, but I must nevertheless commend his singing of his great aria in the last act about the ass's skin. Here I may add for the benefit of gramophonists that this strange and imaginative aria was omitted from the Mozart's Opera Society's recording of *Figaro*, "after consultation with various experts," so we are told.

Now we come to the revived *Don Giovanni*. I fancied that Mr. Christie for the first time in full possession of his great stage with its elaborate mechanical equipment would have seized the opportunity to redeem *Don Giovanni* from the defects of last year's production. Not a bit of it! Once again Mr. Christie has—with no appearance of dissatisfaction and dismay—laid the corpse of Mozart's work on the stage as an offering to his designer, Mr. Hamish Wilson. *Don Giovanni* is laid out in two acts consisting of eleven scenes. These many scenes, like the myriad scenes of Shakespeare's plays, are a trap into which nearly every producer falls. Eleven scenes! What an opportunity for scenic display! Whenever *Don Giovanni* is produced a scenic artist is let loose upon it, and Mr. Christie with his native delight in building was an easy victim to the idea of building eleven elaborate scenes millions of tons in weight which would exhaust all the most modern lifting and shifting apparatus that could be assembled into the huge scene-storing tower of Glyndebourne—a landmark that could be looked at enviously by Reinhardt if he were still languishing by his lake near Salzburg. By this means Mr. Christie has cut down the distracting intervals between all these scenes by perhaps a minute and a half, but the opera remains disintegrated, chopped to pieces to display scenery which is a bane to the ear and no reward to the eye.

As an example of the destructive power of this plethora of scenic art I must mention the aria sung by Don Giovanni before the evening's *festa* in his palazzo. Some evil spirit induced Fritz Busch to allow this aria to have a scene all to itself, with the result that Mr. Hamish Wilson devised and Mr. Christie's building myrmidons constructed a special dressing room in which Don Giovanni might sing this aria before two manservants laden with toilet articles. I presume this bright idea came first to Mr. Ebert, for it is a typical piece of modern producer's misplaced ingenuity. It was far too simple and too natural to allow Don Giovanni to sing this aria without a change of scene, but the effect of this complete stoppage of the action, then delay with curtain down and lights up and then curtain falling again and a further interval with lights up is to kill the aria completely. How futile for Fritz Busch to drive this *presto* at the most furious pace possible when all Mozart's cumulative art in preparing for the ensuing climax of the *festa* is thus carefully destroyed! There is no attempt whatever on the producer's part in the Glyndebourne production of *Don Giovanni* to obtain any cumulative effect. The whole work is rendered piecemeal with a petty elaboration which is destructive to the spirit of the work. In this respect I have to confess that the recent Sadler's Wells production of *Don Giovanni* was superior to the present Glyndebourne production.

Owing to the illness of Louise Helletsgruber the part of Donna Elvira was at the last moment taken over by Hilde Konetzni, who gave a sympathetic and dignified performance. Her voice, however, is on the heavy side for Glyndebourne and did not always blend well with the others. The Ottavio was again Dino Borgioli, who gives a most intelligent and artistic performance, so that for once we have in the cast an Ottavio who does not seem insignificant beside the other characters.

At Covent Garden Verdi has taken the place of Wagner, and we have had performances of *Rigoletto* and Puccini's *Tosca*, which have been notable for the high standard of the singing. Gigli is a remarkable singer, whatever one may think about the artistic character of his performances in some respects. As the Duke in *Rigoletto* his first appearance was very much that of a "star" tenor, but I personally cannot take the dramatic content of Verdi's opera very seriously, although I am still open to be convinced by an artist of genius that there is more in this part than mere vocal virtuosity. The new Gilda, Lina Pagliurghi, is an excellent coloratura soprano, but not a very convincing young girl of the tender age of Gilda. In the duet in the second act there was some astonishing

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THE BODLEY HEAD

singing from Gigli and Pagliurghi who are certainly superior to any vocalists we have heard in these roles for some time. In *Tosca* a new Floria Tosca in the person of Iva Pacetti made a very good impression, but that of the Scarpia new to London—Luigi Rossi-Morelli—was not so favourable. *Tosca* is extremely effective theatre and not altogether negligible musically, yet I am at a loss to understand why this opera seems to be more popular than the same composer's *Manon Lescaut*—which is, I think, musically a much more interesting work. As Mario Cavaradossi a more convincing performance dramatically was given by Gigli than as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, and his singing was brilliantly effective. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Early Paintings by Utrillo at the Storran Gallery

This exhibition (as well as the recent collection at the Adams Gallery) is a reminder that Utrillo was once one of the most promising artists of his time, that in the first fifteen years of his artistic life he was able to explain one or two aspects of the visual world which had not been explained before. In these early phases, so far from producing the same picture over and over again, he seems to discover a fresh method in front of each motive. There is an enormous variety of technique, expression and subject. The *Orange House*, the *Wine Shop at Montmagny* and the landscape of houses and orchards at Montmagny are very fine pictures by any standard. The catalogue reveals a melancholy truth, these are all early works; by 1917 or 1918 the apathy which we recognise so often in this artist's too large output is already setting in, and with it a degeneration in his astonishing tonal sensibility. And anyone who feels this apathy in Utrillo's work should certainly see this show, and contemplate the slow inexorable ruin by which it has come about.

Sculpture in Concrete by Laszlo Peri, 36 Soho Square

Mr. Peri's sculpture bulges awkwardly in any aesthetic pigeonhole. The bright coloured concrete in which he models his everyday scenes and contemporary figures is perhaps a medium suited to the moment, but, compared with the versatile plaster, the rich bronze or the almost lively stone, it is dead and unbeautiful. Besides this preliminary handicap, Mr. Peri adds further to the ordinary difficulties of sculpture in low relief by adopting a convention of semi-realistic colouring. Many of his picture sculptures, falling inevitably far short of the swagger beauty of the Ghiberti-Donatello school, are made less acceptable because the realism they seem to attempt can only be achieved in more subtle mediums. But in spite of these reservations Mr. Peri's show is not to be missed. The work is magnificently displayed in two first-floor rooms in Soho Square. In quantity it gives an impression of great vitality, of a most inventive and prolific imagination. Raw, rough and crude as it may appear, one senses the living being behind it. After the gallstones and intestinal obsessions which our leading sculptors turn out year after year, its unpretentiousness is stimulating and its humility a positive blessing.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, June 12th—
Herbert Read on "The Revival of Anarchism," Conway Hall, 11.
Louis MacNeice on "The Unities in Drama," Group Theatre, 9 Great Newport Street, 8.30.

MONDAY, June 13th—
"Trumpeter, Play!" Garrick.
"Eresoinka." Company of 102 Basques in Songs, Dances and Ballets, Aldwych.

TUESDAY, June 14th—
14th Annual Conference of British Commonwealth League, Y.W.C.A. Central Club. Till June 16th.
J. F. Horrabin on "British Imperialism," Friends House, 1.20.
"Plant in the Sun," with Paul Robeson, Unity Theatre, 8.15.
"Midsummer Night's Dream," Open Air Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, June 15th—
"Marriage," Westminster.

THURSDAY, June 16th—
J. Middleton Murry on "The Necessity of the Church," 6 Little Russell Street, 8.30.
"Comedienne," Haymarket.

FRIDAY, June 17th—
16th Festival of International Society for Contemporary Music. Till June 24th. Particulars and tickets from Hubert Foss, c/o Oxford University Press.

Singapore to Stepney

This paper seems to reach most places, and as a result we get customers and enquiries from many countries.

A new customer arrived the other day from Singapore. He started by telling us of a frustrated effort to try Goss tailoring which he made when he was over here two years ago. Arriving in London and finding no Goss advertisement in the current *New Statesman*, he looked for our address in the telephone directory. This sent him on a false trail to Stepney, and having spent some hours in discovering his mistake, he was unable to continue the chase further, as he had only a very short time in London and many other engagements to keep. This time, however, he came armed with one of our advertisements, and he has paid us a number of visits.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bevis was my favourite book when I was a child, and I drew the map which may be found in some of the reprints. *After London* became a favourite book when I was a schoolboy in London. Every day I went to my hated school on a horse-drawn tram through streets which were absolutely empty of any of the things I found interesting. At thirteen I did not like looking at human beings, or shops, or buildings, and I was as bored by the vivid street life as any of the horses or donkeys which in those days pulled much of the traffic. Spiritually I was an herbivorous animal, so that the first words of Richard Jefferies' novel of the future seemed an introduction to Paradise:

> It became green everywhere after London ended, so that all the country looked alike. The meadows were green and so was the rising wheat which had been sown, but which neither had, nor would receive, any further care.

I remember looking bitterly at the mean streets of Camden Town (which I now think an attractive part of the world) and reflecting that it was an idle dream to imagine that they could ever revert to forest, but I never questioned for a moment that the world would be a better place if they did. I was absolutely in sympathy with the consumptive who had coughed away his health in the fogs of Fleet Street before he began his peculiar novel of revenge, first published in 1885, and which has been reprinted at least once. Richard Jefferies was the son of a Wiltshire Yeoman who kept a small farm beside Coate Reservoir, near Swindon. He is perhaps best known by *The Story of My Heart*, which has just been reprinted (Penguin Illustrated Classics, 6*d*.), but I prefer his other books. *Bevis* gives a picture of his childhood: the country boy learning to swim, to sail a boat, to shoot; *Amaryllis at the Fair* gives a truer picture of the poverty of his family and of the wealth of talent wasted in scraping together a living from a few acres of land. In *The Amateur Poacher* one gets a picture of the life Jefferies would like to have led: that of a young fellow friendly with neighbouring keepers and poachers, hanging round a great estate with a gun under his arm; idling away the afternoon; knocking over a rabbit, or a strayed pheasant—but more often leaning his gun against a tree to watch a rare bird, or read a chapter of the Odyssey, which found a place with fish-hooks and spinning traces in his pocket. He could not, lacking money, lead such an idle happy life; after a time as a reporter on the *North Wiltshire Advertiser*, he went to London as a journalist and a writer familiar with conditions in the country. There he developed tuberculosis, which is perhaps what made him so sensitive and vivid a writer, and inspired him with such a longing for an outdoor life. London was killing him, and hating it he wrote his day-dream of the days when it had perished. Some disaster (he was totally unable to imagine what) would have led to the departure of practically the whole population of England, leaving a few thousand obscure or unlettered men. The ports and harbours silted up, and a vast freshwater lake extended over the whole of the Thames valley, dividing England nearly in two. Part I describes the relapse into barbarism; Part II traces the incidents of what must be admitted to be an inept little novel. It is an odd book to reread to-day. The means by which the destruction of civilisation might be brought about, which completely baffled the nineteenth-century imagination, are at hand. Those unthinking architects of our civilisation, the chemists and engineers, have abolished the horse and provided the petrol motor, the aeroplane, the high explosive, and gas which are the prerequisites to transform Richard Jefferies' dream into reality. Thus the first part of the book has gained an actuality it can never have had to the author. It is a *topical* book, and I feel certain a reprint of it, as a companion to *The Story of My Heart* in the Penguin Classics, would be popular.

Once one has accepted the destruction of civilisation as desirable, it is great fun to work out just what would happen in the years following the cataclysm. The towns are left as deserted as those of the Romans after the departure of the legions: mile after mile of empty streets, filled with charred ruins, heaps of broken glass, flooded hollows, choked drains. And in the country downs become impassable:

> Starting from all sides at once, the brambles and briars in the course of about twenty years met in the centre of the largest fields. . . . By the thirtieth year there was not one single open space, the hills only excepted, where a man could walk unless he followed the tracks of wild creatures, or cut himself a path.

The animals are naturally a great feature of wild England—for most domestic animals establish themselves. There are hordes of wild cats, packs of wild dogs, wild ponies on the hills, wild sheep on the downs and fells, wild cattle and wild pigs. Of all the creatures in menageries the only one to establish itself is the beaver, which of course plays its part in adding to the general swampiness of the country. If he were writing to-day he would have to include the silver fox. Human society is what one might expect in such a country. All the skilled workers are gone, and the memories of precise engineering die out by the second generation. Just as there are varieties of wild animals from those formerly domestic, there are three races of men: settled men, living in stockaded hamlets, which are often grouped about some castle, much in the manner of tenth-century Saxons; then the gypsies, who speak Romany and follow the old way of life; and thirdly the depraved Bushmen, descended from the lowest thieves and beggars. The sciences have become a legend, but here and there a family has preserved a few traditions or heirlooms of the old days: a china cup, or a plate, a pane of transparent glass, traditions of the old religion—a few manuscripts, copied from the old books. Among these are translations of Sophocles: an open-air performance of the *Antigoe* is given at a feudal fête. There is a freshness and charm in the whole picture, which seems to have come so much nearer than when it was written: it is easier to believe in than a world from which all work and evil have been abolished. It is amusing to reflect that when the bombers have done their worst they may leave the world as an unhappy schoolboy imagined Paradise.

DAVID GARNETT

Week's Protest Against Canton Bombardment

Monday, June 13th.
PROTEST AND BOYCOTT PARADE
starting Connaught Place (Marble Arch) at 6 p.m. to House of Commons.

Tuesday, June 14th.
PROTEST AND BOYCOTT PARADE
starting Ridinghouse Street (Queen's Hall) at 6 p.m. to Strand.

Wednesday, June 15th.
GREAT PROTEST MEETING at QUEEN'S HALL at 8 p.m. To be followed by march to Japanese Embassy at 10.30 p.m.

Thursday, June 16th.
LOBBYING in the HOUSE OF COMMONS
5 p.m. onwards.

Sunday, June 19th.
MASS DEMONSTRATION
Trafalgar Square, 3 p.m.

China Campaign Committee
14 Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street, S.W.1
Abbey 2882

THE NEW LYSISTRATA

Three Guineas. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *The Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

The place of *Three Guineas* on the bookshelf is next *A Room of One's Own*. It is about three requests for a subscription: one from a peace society, one from the treasurer of a woman's college, and the third from a society for obtaining employment for professional women. After long debate, and a review of the past and present position and social duties of the "educated man's daughter," Mrs. Woolf decided to send them a guinea each. Her cogitations appear in this volume.

They are as artful, witty and entertaining as they were sure to be. This writer cannot make a point heavily, or endure the bleakness of abstraction for half a page. Everything comes to life at her touch. She ranks as a highbrow; yet no penny-a-liner is more careful to avoid dullness, and meet attention halfway. And *Three Guineas* equals anything of the sort she has done, but the question is what to say about it. Should one call it simply a work of art, and hold up her method to the despair of all bunglers? Can one discuss its ideas, as though they were not involved with that enchanting presentment? Reviewers must have had the same difficulty with *A Room of One's Own*.

But luckily we all know that Mrs. Woolf is an artist, and what sort of artist she is. So there is excuse for leaving the outward form of *Three Guineas* to the imagination. And it will be much easier to talk of the skeleton—so far as any work of hers possesses anything so rigid, angular and unenticing as bones.

The backbone (if we may say it has one) is the author's conviction that her three guineas all went, more or less directly, to the same object—the advancement of peace, culture and intellectual liberty—in fact, the millennium. This is a man's world. Women have had no voice in its arrangements, for they have had no money. Hitherto, the "educated man's daughter" has only been allowed to say, "Very true, my love." But now she can go to college, earn her own living, and thereafter speak her own mind. And her mind will always be favourable to peace and liberty.

Mrs. Woolf tells her correspondent of the peace society that it cannot be otherwise. "The daughters of educated men who were called, to their resentment, 'feminists' were in fact the advance guard of your own movement. They were fighting the same enemy that you are fighting and for the same reasons. They were fighting the tyranny of the patriarchal state as you are fighting the tyranny of the Fascist state. . . . You are feeling in your own person what your mothers felt when they were shut out, when they were shut up, because they were women." Hitler and Mussolini are first cousins to Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street; is it likely that any free woman will back them up?

No: the Dictator is the apotheosis of Man—man the dominant, the patriotic, the wearer of uniforms, the lover of battle. Woman is his natural opposite. She has no desire to impose herself. She wears no uniforms, and does not admire them. She has no country—for she has no landed property, and no fortune, and will never be made an Archbishop. Therefore she has nothing to fight about. And in any case, she has not the fighting instinct. She simply cannot understand for what reasons men go to war.

So every guinea towards the independence of women is a guinea for peace. Only the professionals must take care. As yet they have little chance of being corrupted—"the sex distinction seems, according to Whitaker, possessed of a curious leaden quality," and those encumbered with it are lucky if they can earn five pounds a week. But as they get on in the world, may they not become (to put it bluntly) as bad as the men—greedy, jealous, vainglorious, tenacious of privilege? Mrs. Woolf thinks it right to bargain over this guinea. The takers must refuse to be separated from "poverty, chastity and derision." They must earn just enough to live on—in decent comfort. They must reject all badges, orders and degrees with contempt. They must eschew "unreal loyalties." On these terms, they "can join the professions and yet remain uncontaminated." And as they have never been accustomed to wealth or praise, it should be easy enough.

By this time, I am afraid a good many women will feel uncomfortable. It would be charming to deserve all these bouquets. But it won't do to accept them with a dishonest smirk: better own up that women are not always—nor perhaps often—as unspotted from the world as all that.

Mrs. Woolf has been too generous in imputing her own detachment. She is by temperament—what she assumes every woman to be—an "outsider." With all her respect for the "feminists," she wants hardly anything they fought for except a room of her own. She rejects citizenship. She has a mild but rooted contempt for the universities. The thought of working in an office from nine till six makes her shudder. And as for the pomp and circumstance of rule—the procession of robes, wigs, tabards, plumed hats, cocked hats, coalscuttle hats—she can only gape at it, as the man in the Zoo gaped at the giraffe. Can such things be possible? And have the creatures no notion how odd they look? Apparently not. "Thus the late Mr. Justice MacCardie, in summing up the case of Mrs. Frankau, remarked: 'Women cannot be expected to renounce an essential feature of femininity or to abandon one of nature's solaces for a constant and insuperable physical handicap. . . . Dress, after all, is one of the chief methods of women's self-expression. . . . In matters of dress women often remain children to the end. The psychology of the matter must not be overlooked. But whilst bearing the above matters in mind the law has rightly laid it down that the rule of prudence and proportion must be observed.' The Judge who thus dictated was wearing a scarlet robe, an ermine cape, and a vast wig of artificial curls. . . . The singularity of his own appearance together with that of Admirals, Generals, Heralds, Life Guards, Peers, Beefeaters, etc., was completely invisible to him."

This would make a cat laugh: but still, there are many women who accept the judge, wig and all. They like uniforms. They cannot (as Mrs. Woolf advises) make it clear that a soldier in uniform is to them "a ridiculous, a barbarous, a displeasing spectacle"—for he is not ridiculous or displeasing, but quite the contrary. They understand the pleasure of dominating, and the pleasure of fighting, only too well. They glow with pride in their country, and long to hit the foreigner who does not admire it. They love all that red on the map. And all the same, they may be pacifists by conviction; but I do not see that they can very well take the line suggested by Mrs. Woolf. "It is, briefly, not to incite their brothers to fight, or to dissuade them, but to maintain an attitude of complete indifference. As it is a fact that she cannot understand what instinct compels him, what glory, what interest, what manly satisfaction fighting provides for him . . . as fighting is thus a sex characteristic which she cannot

"the twentieth-century novel has at last grown up"—

said the **New Statesman** of

NOTHING TO CHANCE

and **Frank Swinnerton** in the **Observer** wrote ". . . the force and penetration of **M. Plisnier's** tale of two girls and their calculated marriages, of their fathers, and the ambitions of a young husband . . . are so terrific that much of the book is **worthy of Balzac.** It is both realistic and dramatic . . . And as upon almost every page the author produces astonishing insights into and dredgings of the minds of his people, he gives an altogether extraordinary impression of actuality."

a book exciting pity or hatred
—a Boriswood book

share . . . so it is an instinct which she cannot judge. The outsider, therefore, must leave him free to deal with this instinct by himself, because liberty of opinion must be respected."

However, Mrs. Woolf is all the while subscribing guineas to peace societies. She is indifferent in a manner of speaking, and with a definite object. " The small boy struts and trumpets outside the window : implore him to stop, he goes on ; say nothing, he stops."

If women were really solid for peace and freedom, I think they would have some chance of getting it, by whatever method—breaking shop windows, for example. For that matter, if they had been solid for the vote they would very likely have got it quicker. But a number of them were violent anti-suffragists—beginning with Queen Victoria, who was certainly not afraid to speak her mind, and whose mind was that the agitators should be well *whipped*. And to-day a number are Fascists : it may be unnatural and astounding, but there it is. Can we assume that in the moment of becoming independent they will veer round ?

But they should be independent, in either case. There is no questioning the justice of Mrs. Woolf's demands, or the beauty of her gospel—though it includes one or two hard sayings. I can't see, for instance, why she is so bitter on lecturers, and on those who " adulterate " their culture by mixing it with personal charm. All charming people of culture do this all the time, and can't help doing it. Mrs. Woolf does it, inevitably, in every sentence of her very personal style. Surely such " adulteration " is one of the best things the world can offer? K. JOHN

NEW NOVELS

The Crowning of a King. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Secker and Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Survivors. By RÉNE BÉHAINE. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Julie. By FRANCIS STUART. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Mott Family in France. By DONALD MOFFAT. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Crowning of a King is by the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa.* This newly published work is actually his first novel, " conceived and announced " in 1926. At the end, in an author's note, he says :

> It was designed to show why the German ruling class had to abdicate and surrender political control and responsibility to the middle classes and workers. . . . It was not then foreseen that the old ruling class would again succeed in returning to power, even before the book of its defeat had been written.

Herr Zweig's last sentence need not have been so downcast. Firstly, his analysis, in this novel, of the forces that were to break up the German army, and give rise to the Republic, is unquestionably correct ; secondly, it was hardly possible for him to foresee that in the next six years England and France, with unimaginable stupidity, would continue to do more than Hitler to destroy this Republic.

This is the best book about the German officer caste, and one of the best modern novels about Germans, I have read. Herr Zweig could hardly have displayed the prejudices, methods and ideals of his collection of staff officers with more brilliance or variety. Considered strictly as a novel, it is not, I suppose, without reproach. At times, certain of the characters seem a little interchangeable and ghostly, and often military intrigue or politics entirely dominates the field : but the quality of the writing is always so full, so flowing and sumptuous, and the substance so fascinating, that this does not seem to matter. The story begins during the last year of the war. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk has been signed, and the officers of the Ober-Ost, the G.H.Q. of the Eastern Front, are comfortably ensconced in a Polish castle. They are looking forward to feeding a blockaded Germany from the Ukraine, and establishing a German king in Lithuania. Ambition, obstinacy, personal power and security, combined with an unwillingness to see, have utterly cut them off from what is really going on in Germany. General Clauss, in whom the foregoing qualities are combined with humour and great talents, is Commander-in-Chief. He is the most complete character in the book, and his creation is a remarkable literary achievement. Clauss is a kind of Eastern rival, and enemy, of Ludendorff's (here called Schieffenzahn), and his dream is of a great drive into Russia. The hero of the novel is Paul Winfried, a thoughtful young staff officer whose loyalty and admiration for Clauss is, at first, unbounded. It is his slow, unwilling disillusionment that forms the core of the book, and symbolises the disillusionment of the German middle classes themselves.

It is impossible to follow the stages of Winfried's conversion. Bärbe, the girl to whom he is engaged, works in a nearby hospital, and through discussions with her, and with the better-educated, more humanitarian among his brother officers, he begins to change. He talks, too, with old friends among the N.C.O.'s. A journey home reveals the extreme danger of Germany's position. The Pan-German officers, diehards and ultra-conservatives, begin to suspect him of democratic sympathies, and of supporting a genuine self-determination for the Lithuanians. He is arrested, and tricked into a labour camp just as Bärbe begins to die of a disease contracted in her hospital. This seals his feeling of the purposelessness, waste and cruelty of what he has been doing for four years ; he then discovers that Clauss connived at his arrest. His last appearance is in a breathtaking quarrel with the General. Among other things, this majestic work is a successful exposition, in human terms, of the machinery of power-politics at a moment of world crisis, and the machine in use was the most formidable ever forged. One sees, too, how a large, well-organised army desires, and can have, a sinister life-in-itself. Simultaneously, to read it is to understand why Prussia was not, and why Hitler is not, Germany.

The Survivors is one of a series of novels which together form an immense work, *The History of a Society.* To quote from Mr. Ford Madox Ford's preface :

> the whole series occupies itself with the union of a daughter of the aristocracy of the *ancien régime,* with a son of the family of the *haute bourgeoisie.* . . . Les Varambaud ; and it is, as it were, through the eyes of that young couple, once their union is effected, that we survey the currents and movements of French life at all social depths and heights.

In the present book, however, which has been excellently translated by Mr. Crankshaw, Catherine de Laignes, the heroine, only meets Michel Varambaud in the final pages. Her future husband is still a schoolboy. *The Survivors'* period is the 'nineties, and it is concerned with Catherine's parents, her upbringing as an aristocrat and strict Catholic, and the distintegration of the Laignes estates. M. Béhaine's main preoccupations, as we see them here, are two. The decline of the aristocratic idea, and the dangerous, paralysing power of the Catholic Church : the former he explains sentimentally, and badly, because he misunderstands the forces at work ; the latter he dissects with a wonderfully limpid, grim talent. In his introduction, Mr. Ford says that he, and M. Léon Daudet, consider M. Béhaine the most remarkable living novelist, and M. Daudet himself adds a note comparing the author to Proust. (A hasty veil shall be drawn over that part of Mr. Ford's preface in which he seeks to elevate M. Béhaine at the expense of Flaubert and Balzac.) Now, dangerous as it is to give a final opinion with only this one book, I feel sure that such adulation is exaggerated. This is by no means because M. Béhaine, as Mr. Ford explains, is a Royalist, and I disagree with his politics. Proust, for example, was hardly a revolutionary. Yet Proust was genuinely and primarily interested in people, and M. Béhaine is not. He is interested in institutions, and that is not the requisite equipment with which to become " the most remarkable living novelist." What one remembers, in the end, of *The Survivors* is a sequence of exquisitely chosen and detailed, yet vigorous, pictures. Catherine's girl friends lived in their chateaux until they were married. They were guarded with ridiculous vigilance, and this resulted in extremely complicated romantic conspiracies among themselves. It is the kind of thing M. Béhaine handles with particular skill, and one should remember that the first kisses most of the girls received actually came after their eventual marriage :

> And when the mothers came to fetch their daughters in the evening they would see them, old and young together, sitting in a circle in the middle of the room with dozens of paper horns stuck in their hair. They were playing at " My Lord has horns " or " The parson's dog doesn't like bones." To the accompaniment of shouts of laughter a new horn would be stuck in, a forfeit redeemed. And each, in the bodice of her white muslin dress, had a letter from her lover.

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almost perfect, and produced with an impressive calm and economy. The temporary wreckage of Catherine's emotional life by her Church is very subtly developed, and we leave her (only, it is to be hoped, for a time) singing, "The more one knows of love the more one loathes it!"

Judging from the blurb, I expected *Julie* to be very usual and rather gloomy:

> Julie . . . an invalid child on her way from South Africa to seek treatment from a famous London specialist. When she grew up, and obtained work in Goldberg's office, she became a figure of tragedy caught up in a passionate love for a man who was a crook. All along she had wanted Goldberg to love her. And that was the one thing he had never seemed to do. He had seduced her . . . when Goldberg received a long sentence of penal servitude, Julie still had her problem to solve.

The book itself, however, is neither usual nor gloomy. It has great good sense, inventiveness, and sensibility, and is one of those exceedingly rare novels that one can recommend to highbrow and lowbrow alike. In the foregoing quotation, there is no hint of Mr. Stuart's feeling for reality. Goldberg is a very unattractive incendiary. When he is in prison, Julie falls momentarily in love with a young Irish poet, and their meetings are described with a most unusual lightness and charm. Yet she returns to her love for Goldberg, and at the end of the novel she has decided to wait for him. Julie's feeling that she is "in the thick of things" with Goldberg, and with no one else, is admirably brought out.

Mr. Moffat's stories will be familiar to some from the *New Yorker*. Those who disliked them might say that he was a little smug, and that he was simply a superficial humorist who found the French odd and France picturesque. There would be only a fraction of truth in all this, because Mr. Moffat has a real grasp of certain idiosyncrasies of French civilisation. In such a story as *The Ropes of France*, which is about trying to post a parcel, he makes a familiar subject more than merely amusing. Those who have known the horror of it themselves will enjoy it most, but it is all there—the tattered ledgers, the screams, the awful string, the way nobody listens, the hundred year-old pen, the endless questionnaire printed on grey tissue paper, the goose that sticks its head out of the impatient queue and bites one. Books like Mr. Moffat's are increasingly rare, and welcome, these days.

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CZECHS AND GERMANS

Czechs and Germans. By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN. *Oxford University Press.* *12s. 6d.* Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

Miss Wiskemann's book could hardly be more timely. For some eight centuries at least Czechs and Germans have lived together in the "Historic Lands"—Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia—yet they could hardly be farther apart than they are to-day. To the naive English observer, and there are many naive English observers, the problem is simple; the Germans in Czechoslovakia have had grievances, these grievances must be done away with, and schemes varying from the superficially reasonable to the frankly fantastic are produced to remedy them. Miss Wiskemann shows quite plainly that the problem of reconciling Czechs and Germans does not admit of any of these simple paper solutions, for the historical roots of Sudeten German chauvinism go back at least as far as the noisy pan-Germanism of Wolff and Schönerer or the Liberal nationalism of 1848. The Sudeten German has long been accustomed to blame the Czechs for everything. Sudeten German industrialists invested their money in Reich German banks and lost it; if they were rescued by Czech banks they resented it. Sudeten German industry, with its peculiar vulnerability, suffered horribly from post-War slumps; but although the textile industry had been in a state of chronic crisis even before the War, and although the porcelain and glass industry, always a luxury trade, had long been affected by trouble anywhere, to the nationalist Sudeten German slumps were the fault of the Czechs and of nothing and nobody else. Miss Wiskemann remarks that "many Sudeten German complaints were extraordinarily similar to those of the wealthy or ex-wealthy in any other country in Central Europe. . . . The citizen of Vienna who had been rich blamed his government because it was Socialist and the German citizen of Brünn or Aussig blamed his because it was Czech."

Miss Wiskemann makes it quite clear that the Czechs have been conscientious in carrying out their minorities obligations, and their policy towards the Germans has, on the whole, been liberal and sensible. But no policy of compromise and concessions, however generous—and the Czechs have been generous in face of real danger from many sides—can meet Herr Henlein's demands, which are quite obviously aimed not at the removal of grievances but at the domination and disintegration of the Czechoslovak state. What alternatives have the Czechs to choose from? Miss Wiskemann discusses three. Czechoslovakia might, as the Henlein party and its friends often suggest, be transformed into a federation of nationalities. But the language-frontiers are hopelessly entangled. Miss Wiskemann gives an example from the lignite area, where from Aussig (Usti) west and south-west the population is "indescribably mixed" and the towns of Brüx (Most) and Dux (Duchcov) are both about half German and half Czech. And the Henlein party propose to destroy the rights of all minorities, Socialist German, Jew or Czech. Again, if a federal system is to work it must contain people with common political aims, like Switzerland or the U.S.A.; if the German Swiss were to become violent Nazis, Switzerland would be in no better case than Czechoslovakia. As for the demand that Czechoslovakia should be "neutralised" on the Swiss model, it simply means that she should abandon her treaties with Russia and France—in other words, commit suicide.

Miss Wiskemann discusses these proposals with remarkable fairness. She also shows that any other alternatives are equally impossible. The Sudeten Germans can join Germany: but there again, how is a frontier to be drawn? Any frontier will leave large minorities on the wrong side of it—Lord Noel-Buxton, no Czechophile, has said that at least 400,000 Czechs would be left in Germany—and to give minorities to Germany to-day is neither more nor less than murder. In any case, any new frontier that the wit of man can devise is strategically impossible for the Czechs. Therefore, as Miss Wiskemann suggests, any *Anschluss* would lead inevitably to a German domination of Czechoslovakia and so of all Central Europe—and would drown 10,000,000 Czechoslovak people in a German *Mitteleuropa*.

I have only two criticisms to make of this book. In referring to Herr Henlein's Böhmisch Leipa speech in 1934 as a "constructive and impressive declaration," Miss Wiskemann seems to have been too optimistic. Herr Henlein's speeches up till then, with their Hitlerian gibes at "Liberalism," had been anything but encouraging, and the Czechs can certainly be excused for not having taken his new lamb's clothing at its fleece value. She

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might also, perhaps, have given more space to the Sudeten German Social Democrats, who have secured far more concessions for the Germans in Czechoslovakia than Herr Henlein and his assistants. They are, after all, the last German Socialist party in Europe, and a minority at least as large as the Germans in the South Tirol.

JOAN GRIFFIN

L'AMIE DE GUIZOT

Princess Lieven. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

A Life of Madame de Lieven could not be slow in forthcoming after the mass of new material revealed in the Lieven archives lately released for publication. This began last year with *The Private Letters of Princess Lieven to Prince Metternich*, edited by Mr. Peter Quennell. The nervous, alert, impetuous style of those letters will explain the fascination this feminine phenomenon exercised on her contemporaries better than the prosaic narrative of Mr. Hyde's biography. Mr. Hyde gives us all the facts in chronological order, for which we are duly grateful, as they have never appeared in full before. But the quicksilver of Madame de Lieven's charm has eluded his pen. Like her great predecessor and model, Madame de Sévigné, the Princess is better qualified to display the fluid vitality of her own existence than any biographer. For it was in the evanescent arts of conversation and human intercourse that she was supreme—in the thrust and parry of a dinner table, the delicate exchanges of a *tête-à-tête*, the sympathetic listening to a confidence, or the running commentary on England to a lover in Vienna. Moreover, she exercised her superior talents on her merits in the most brilliant European society of her day. Her position as Russian Ambassadress in London was good, but gave her no extraordinary advantage over social rivals. Yet she had no need to be a lion huntress, although she was never happy away from the habitat of big game. The charms of this scraggy Circe were enough to make the lions compete for the privilege of purring in her lap.

As an intriguer, for which she was noted all over Europe, she was a failure. She imagined she was pulling strings, but most of the time she herself was the string that was being pulled; for her eagerness in backstairs enterprises was conspicuous, and everyone who could took advantage of it. George IV, Castlereagh, Metternich, Wellington, Canning, Prince Leopold, Lord Grey, Palmerston, the Russian Foreign Office, she served them all in turn; but in *her* hour of need where were they? Some dead, the rest estranged or indifferent. The *Times*, in a biting character-sketch of the Princess in 1834, at the time of her recall to Petersburg, thus castigates her: "There never figured on the courtly stage a female intriguer more restless, more mischievous, more odious than this supercilious Ambassadress. She fancied herself 'a power'; she was, however, more frequently a dupe, the dupe of her own artifices reacted upon by those of others." The *Times* waited to strike until the lady was down, but the *Times* was nevertheless right.

Yet in one direction she had been more effective in mischief than even the *Times* recognised. It is now generally accepted that one of the fundamental causes of the Crimean War twenty years later was the personal vendetta between Stratford Canning at Constantinople and the Tsar Nicholas I. For this Madame de Lieven was responsible. She had boasted to Nesselrode that she could prevent the appointment of Stratford Canning as Ambassador to Petersburg in 1833. Without her vainglorious interference the difficulty between the two Courts would probably have been amicably arranged, but she badgered Lord Grey, enlisted Lord Durham in her support and provoked Palmerston. So in the end Stratford Canning did not go, but she did. Mr. Hyde quotes Lady Cowper's conversation with Charles Greville on the subject, which sums up the situation: "She had thought to carry it with a high hand, having been used to have her own way," while "he (Palmerston) had thought both *she* and her *Court* wanted to be taken down a peg." Too late the Lieven recalled old Talleyrand's warning: "A Minister of Foreign Affairs, however pitiable a creature he may be, can always get rid of an Ambassador who displeases him."

Perhaps one has waited so long for a life of this prodigious woman that disappointment is inevitable. Mr. Hyde has packed as much material as could be concentrated into 276 pages, but one feels the book is too short. His quotations from the Princess herself are copious but never enough. Surely it must take two volumes at least to trace with justice the psychological progress of the happy wife and mother of 1800–4, the mistress of the Grand Duke Constantine and Metternich of 1818–24, the ally of Canning of 1825–26, the Egeria (as Mr. Hyde likes to call her) of Lord Grey of 1828–34, to the last long act as friend of Monsieur Guizot.

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by its interests, extending its influences, looking after number one, doing his job well or ill. But what, at any given moment, is his job? It is to grope in the dark, amongst machines of terrible power, towards an event, the consummation of his professional life, which it is the dearest hope of his fellow-citizens to avoid, although they may, many of them, applaud his proceedings and love him for the bright colour, movement and noise he brings into their lives. This dismal paradox is inherent in Dr. Vagts' material and in his treatment of it. He turns its edge, and clears the ground very usefully, by starting with a distinction between the military man and the militarist:

> Every war is fought, every army is maintained, in a military way and in a militaristic way. The distinction is fundamental and fateful. The military way is marked by a primary concentration of men and materials on winning specific objectives of power with the utmost efficiency; that is, with the least expenditure of blood and treasure. It is limited in scope, confined to one function, and scientific in its essential qualities. Militarism, on the other hand, presents a vast array of customs, interests, prestige, actions and thought associated with armies and wars and yet transcending true military purposes. Indeed, militarism is so constituted that it may hamper and defeat the purposes of the military way. Its influence is unlimited in scope. It may permeate all society and become dominant over all industry and arts. Rejecting the scientific character of the military way, militarism displays the qualities of caste and cult, authority and belief.

The difference as stated is clear enough, and close enough to the nature of armed force, to provide a valuable test, and in Dr. Vagts' hands it produces a very curious result. He carries it with him through an extraordinary variety of ramifications in the lives of soldiers, and at the end of each burrow he produces, with few exceptions, a militarist, not a military man. He takes three main roads through his mass of facts. The first is an analysis of the officer class. He shows its rise in feudalism, its occupation by birth and influence, its notions of honour, its resistance to lowly talent, its imperviousness to new ideas, its alliance with agrarian interests, its aptness to prepare for the last war but one. The second is the story of the troops, from the mercenaries through the standing armies to the mass levies of Napoleon and their continuation in the European conscripts of to-day. The third—and this is the most significant part of Dr. Vagts' work—is a thoroughly pungent study of the relations between the military man and the civilian power in the last 100 years. The civilian has pursued, among a host of other ends which implicitly deny it, security. The military man, following him and endeavouring to give him what he wants, has exacted his price and extended his influence into every corner even of the democratic states. Security is what we see it to be, and perhaps Dr. Vagts is right in putting no frame to his portrait of its practitioner-in-chief.

BARRINGTON GATES

ILLUMINATIO MEA

Anatomy of Oxford. AN ANTHOLOGY COMPILED BY C. DAY LEWIS and CHARLES FENBY. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Oxford, the Detroit of England, was once known chiefly as the seat of a University—a fact of which this book comes as a most agreeable reminder. The authors confess that in compiling this anthology they looked particularly for "the odd, the eccentric, the scandalous, the droll, the unexpected," and this shows them to be true sons of the University. Mr. Max Beerbohm, I think, says somewhere that boys go to Public Schools to have the nonsense knocked out of them, and to Oxford to have it knocked back into them; and despite the contagion from Cowley this University remains something more than a factory for the mass-production of graduates. The trousered sob-sisters of the popular press, when there is no killing in a love-nest or flying record by a mother of twins, are apt to fall back upon that exquisitely patined theme, the decadence of Oxford. The undergraduates, we are told, are cowardly, continuously climbing the Martyr's Memorial, lazy, interested only in getting their degrees, effeminate, unduly occupied with sport, snobbish and Bolshevistic. The *Anatomy of Oxford* shows a similarly lamentable state of affairs in every past century. Lord Curzon, in 1921, might boast that the University had been famous throughout all the centuries for its present and sometimes passionate loyalty to the throne of England, but in 1749 Lord Chesterfield remarked that: "The existence of Oxford would not be known if it were not for the treasonable spirit publicly avowed and often excited there." Locke, Gibbon, Southey, Swinburne, as well as Shelley, were notably unfortunate in their university careers. Moreover, in every century the city has been the scene of brawls, hoaxes, drunkenness and sexual irregularities. Since these are the common pleasures of young men in all cities, and in the countryside also, it would indeed be surprising if at Oxford they were uncommon. In 1666 Antony à Wood complains of "Extravaganci in apparell, having their suits and hats dect with colored ribbons, and long haire periwiggs." N. Amhurst (1721) complains of the "smart" who "has a delicate jaunt in his gait, and smells very philosophically of essence," and Dean Hole, writing in 1847 during the full flood of Victorian earnestness describes:

> The "Peripatetic," so-called from no affection for, or excellence in pedestrian pursuits, but because his constitution and courage render walking his sole and favourite exercise. They are redolent of perfume . . . they have a dressing case about the size of a plate-chest: and their morning gown has a carpet pattern transplanted to velvet: malicious "scouts" have hinted at stays, and valets dismissed have sworn to curl papers.

These writers suggest that it was the University, and not human nature, that was responsible for such congenital idiosyncrasies; but of course no one has ever seen a tipsy youth in Hampstead, a whoremonger in Bethnal Green, or a coxcomb in Hammersmith. Messrs. Day Lewis and Fenby give us an amusing story of the Fellows of All Souls (1675) employing the University Press Printer in their spare time to print "Aretin's Postures," to which may be added a pleasing couplet by G. Cox (1834):

> And carnal priests their rev'rend powers devote
> To shame the rabbit, and eclipse the stoat.

But the peculiarity of modern Oxford (and Cambridge) among the universities of Europe is surely the high level of chastity that they succeed in maintaining. One cannot imagine a student at the Sorbonne, at Leyden or in Brussels putting up with the limitations upon his personal freedom which the English Colleges, perhaps sagaciously, impose.

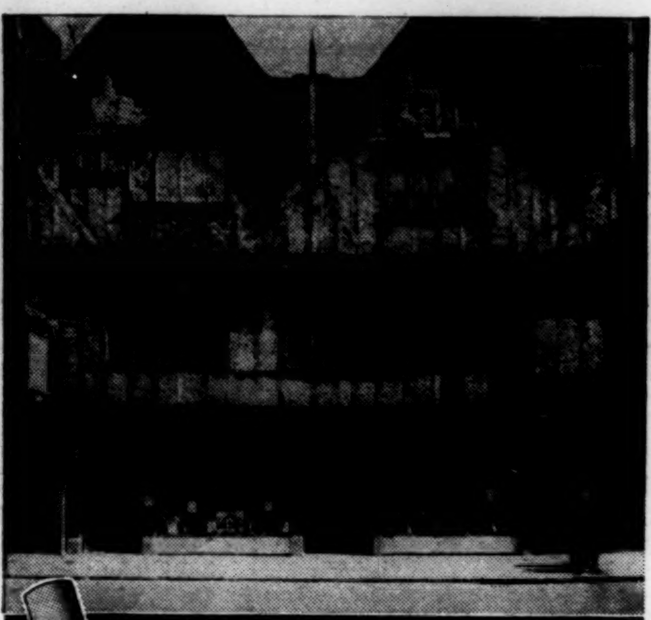
The most discreditable characteristic of Oxford has always been the dislike shown by the authorities for liberty. Here is that most devout Oxonian, Mr. Gladstone:

> I found in the education of my time one great defect. Perhaps it was my own fault, but I must admit that I did not learn, when at Oxford, that which I have learned since, viz., to set a due value on the imperishable principles of human liberty.

In recent years, the authorities in their treatment for instance of Pacifists and Communists, have occasionally exhibited a lingering attachment to this most unworthy of Oxford traditions. Perhaps the most important characteristic of the modern Public School system is the brake it puts upon the development of boys into men. There is not enough evidence to show whether this artificially prolonged adolescence is generally advantageous. Perhaps it is. But it throws extra responsibilities upon the Universities; it obliges learned Fellows to assume the office of nursemaid to men who behave as if they were ten years younger than they are; and it affords the authorities an excuse, and sometimes a justification, for their apparent illiberality.

Juvenile exuberance is, however, a less interesting feature of Oxford life than senile eccentricity; and the most enjoyable section in *Anatomy of Oxford* is devoted to "Strange and Original Characters." One President of Trinity creeps round the college peeping into keyholes, another throws stones at the windows of neighbouring Balliol. Mr. Rhodes of Worcester, whenever he had occasion to visit London, made the journey there and back on foot. On one occasion he walked in from London unexpected by his Scout; finding his rooms unprepared, he merely said: "Never mind, John, I'll just take a turn round the Park to take the stiffness out of my legs." Mr. Whateley, afterwards Archbishop, walked in a pea-green coat and flesh-coloured stockings in Christ Church Meadow, accompanied by a number of dogs he trained to climb trees and drop into the Cherwell. Dr. Phelps, Provost of Oriel, collected spittoons. Dr. Randolph of Corpus, Dr. Finch of St. John, Dr. Tatham of Lincoln, Dr. White of Wadham, Dr. Routh of Magdalen—how magnificent a collection of humours the University has fostered and brought to maturity. Best of all (except the immortal Jowett), I like Dr. Buckland, who used to say that he had eaten his way through the whole animal creation. At first he said that the worst thing was a mole, but afterwards that a blue-bottle fly was worse.

> Talk of strange relics led to mention of the heart of an Irish king preserved at Nuneham in a silver casket. Dr. Buckland, whilst looking at it, exclaimed: "I have eaten strange things, but have never eaten the heart of a king before," and before anyone could hinder him he had gobbled it up, and the precious relic was lost for ever.



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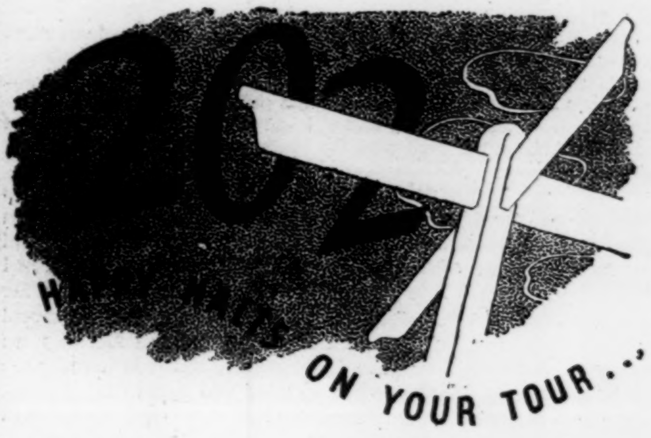
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Finally, there is Dr. Smith, Dean of Christ Church in the eighteen thirties:

> Going down to Nuneham with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. "Where's T——? Well, we had an accident: the boat leaked, and while we were bailing it T—— fell over into the water. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it to the water's edge. Neither of us could swim; and if I had not with great presence of mind hit him on the head with the boathook both would have been drowned."

For the rest of his life he was, very properly, known as 'Presence of Mind' Smith. After reading this anthology (in which the authors intrude their own opinions too seldom) I feel that the grandeur of the University will survive even Lord Nuffield's activities. It is presumably useless to appeal to him for the one munificence that would be invaluable—that is, the removal of his works to another place (not Cambridge). But factories are less sturdy and long lived than Universities, and it is permissible to look forward to the day when Cowley will again be a village, when the High is again monopolised by exuberance and eccentricity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

FOUR POETS

Others to Adorn. By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

Memory and Other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Constable.* 6s.

The Earth Compels. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 6s.

Land of the Free—U.S.A. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Boriswood.* 10s. 6d.

One of the merits of Mr. Yeats's *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*—it had a few—was that it introduced to us Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty. He had already, of course, a sort of arrested fame with English readers as a joker in *Hail and Farewell*, as the "stately plump Buck Mulligan" of *Ulysses*, but such characters are apt to live in retirement. Dr. Gogarty came out as a real person and, what is more surprising, a real poet. The dozen or so poems selected by Mr. Yeats, though hardly perhaps revealing "one of the great lyric poets of our age" (Mr. Yeats's recommendation), were agreeably fresh and accomplished. Nimbly, daintily even, the Doctor seemed to be living down his portrait—"Herrick, you are too *coarse*"; his limericks might be the talk of Dublin, but he had, too, a silver voice:

> In morning light my damson showed
> Its airy branches oversnowed
> On all their quickening fronds,
> That tingled where the early sun
> Was playing soft as silence on
> Palm trees by coral ponds.

Was he, indeed, as Mr. Yeats depicted him, among the "swashbucklers, horsemen, swift indifferent men"? The rest of the description, printed as a preface to *Others to Adorn*, is so delightful that I quote it:

> Twelve years ago Oliver Gogarty was captured by his enemies, imprisoned in a deserted house on the edge of the Liffey with every prospect of death. Pleading a natural necessity he got into the garden, plunged under a shadow of revolver bullets and as he swam the ice-cold December stream promised it, should it land him in safety, two swans. I was present when he fulfilled that vow. His poetry fits the incident, a gay, stoical—no, I will not withhold the word—heroic song.

And turning the pages of this volume one finds the poem he presented together with the swans:

> Keep you these calm and lovely things
> And float them on your clearest water. . . .

It isn't quite one of his best verses—inevitably Leda crowns the last stanza—but one feels some pride of occasion. So, too, when he writes of the damson in his front garden, the mill at Naul, the new bridge over the Liffey, a coin sent to a lady from Syracuse; each poem is a tribute, a commemoration. Dr. Gogarty has entitled one section of *Others to Adorn* "Cavalier Accents," and the seventeenth-century model, lyric or epigram, is never very far off. Portraits of women, tavern talk, the town, quiet landscapes—he addresses the mushroom as Cowley did the grasshopper. The drop-scene of the classics (Lesbia's sparrow, the tall Toxophilite) has rather faded. No one—not even Mr. Yeats, I imagine—could discover here the *nouveau frisson* of great poetry. Yet within this artificiality Dr. Gogarty exercises himself with delightful ease. He can caper, and he can be quietly good. So often, like a prize scholar, he has the air of having shown up a perfect set of verses, that their freedom and irreverent liveliness take us by surprise. Several of the poems under "Wit and Satire" are charming:

> Only the Lion and the Cock,
> As Galen says, withstand Love's shock.
> So, Dearest, do not think me rude
> If I yield now to lassitude,
> But sympathise with me. I know
> You would not have me roar, or crow.

Others to Adorn is a volume from which one can get a good deal of pleasure, and not least from the efforts of Mr. Yeats, A.E., and Mr. Horace Reynolds (all of whom provide introductions) to build Dr. Gogarty into a whacking legend.

Mr. De la Mare's has been a poetry of hints and silences. It has the quality, which will be found also in the plays of Maeterlinck, of conveying mystery in the simplest of words. In his new book there is a little poem "Clavichord," which might be a description of his own music:

> Hearken! Tiny, clear, discreet:
> The listener within deems solely his,
> A music so remote and sweet
> It all but lovely as silence is.

The change since his earlier writing has been towards clearer and smaller outlines, so that now his particular form is a verse medallion, four, six or ten lines in length. On it, with a Chinese lightness and brevity, he inscribes a thought, a scene, a face:

> Chalk-white, light dazzled on the stone,
> And there a weed, a finger high,
> Bowed its silvery head with every
> Breath of wind that faltered by.
>
> Twice lovely thing! For when there drifted
> A cloud across the radiant sun,
> Not only that had it forsaken,
> Its tiny shadow too was gone.

Such delicacy of perception, and the reticence accompanying it, are rare enough in English poetry, which tends to overload the senses. If one wished to find a comparison, whom would one choose? Coleridge, in *Christobel* perhaps, or some of Herrick's miniatures, for in this case particular poems rather than writers spring to mind. Mr. De la Mare is not a great poet, but what an admirable lesser one!

With Mr. Louis MacNeice and Mr. Archibald Macleish we come to the reporters. It is an odd thing that when Mr. MacNeice recently wrote a travel book called *I Crossed the Minch* much the best reporting in it was the verse:

> On those islands
> The boys go poaching their ancestral rights—
> The Ossianic salmon who take the yellow
> Tilt of the river with a magnet's purpose—
> And listen breathless to the tales at the ceilidh
> Among the peat-smoke and the smells of dung
> That fill the felted room from the cave of the byre.
> No window opens of the windows sunk like eyes
> In a four-foot wall of stones casually picked
> From the knuckly hills on which these houses crawl
> Like black and legless beasts who breathe in their sleep
> Among the piles and pooks of hay . . .

The poem is reprinted in *The Earth Compels;* in some ways it is the best in the book. The panorama and the gritty unrhymed verse suit Mr. MacNeice better than his smooth attempt at imagism in "Circus" or at a sort of *Peer Gynt* fragment in "Eclogue from Iceland," which reads in fact rather like an English version of *Peer Gynt*. He is perhaps less adept than Mr. Auden at the patchwork lyric of modern life. But give him a subject or a scene, and what an eye he has! He is what Mr. Hickey would call a newshawk, on the poetic plane. "Christmas Shopping," "Rugby Football Excursion," "June Thunder"—they are stale Fleet Street topics, but Mr. MacNeice makes them hum. He takes an explosive delight in Nature:

> Through fields of mustard and under boldly embattled
> Mays and chestnuts—

He describes the Christmas shoppers: a whiff of the South in grocers' windows, unemployed standing on one leg in a public library, the nurseries with lighted fir-trees:

> Out there lies the future gathering quickly
> In blank momentum; through the tubes of London
> The dead winds blow the crowds like beats in flight from
> Fire in the forest.
>
> The little firtrees palpitate with candles
> In hundreds of chattering households where the suburb
> Straggles like nervous handwriting, the margin
> Blotted with smokestacks.

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Rates and all information on page 1007.

Land of the Free—U.S.A. is an experiment: verse interleaved with photographs, showing the condition of the poor driven off the land in America. It has the effect of a *March of Time* in stills. Mr. Macleish's text—a few lines to each photograph—has been modelled partly on Whitman, partly on the captions of early Russian films. The two together are extremely successful and give a vivid and horrifying picture of landscape and human suffering. A companion volume, *England—Land of the Free,* is in preparation.

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER NOTICES

The People's Year Book, 1938. *Co-operative Wholesale Society, Manchester.* 3s. cloth. 1s. paper.

This hardy annual keeps up the high standard we have learned to expect of it. It contains the usual surveys and statistics of the Consumers' Co-operative Movement in its various branches at home and abroad, together with useful articles on other special subjects, economic, social and political. In Great Britain the Consumers' Movement continues to make steady progress. The aggregate membership of the retail societies in 1936 (the last year for which complete figures are given) was 7,807,942, or 424,000 more than in 1935. Their total trade amounted to nearly £234,000,000, an increase of over £13,000,000 on that of the previous year. The administrators of the Movement were largely occupied in 1937 with internal and constitutional issues; in the political sphere the Co-operative Party (which is supported by some 530 societies with a membership of 5½ millions) has taken an active part in the "Popular Front" controversy.

A People's History of England. By A. L. MORTON. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Morton has put a lot of work into this spirited attempt to make English history mean something again. It meant something a century ago, when rotten boroughs had just disappeared and railways were the great novelty and Macaulay was there to explain to his contemporaries how much more comfortably off they were (or could be if they knew their way about) than their ancestors had been. It meant something in the hey-day of Gladstonian Liberalism, when John Richard Green filled it with saints and martyrs, rebels and patriots, always ready to make a stand against the government. It meant something again in good Lord Salisbury's golden days when the *Expansion of England* helped to rouse us from the fit of absence of mind in which we had conquered the world. Now that gas-lamps and habeas corpus and even Dominion status and indirect rule have somehow lost their bloom, it is time it meant something else. To Mr. Morton it means the slow but steady perfecting of the technique of exploitation by a plutocracy both decorative and efficient. He would not deny that what money can buy in England is often well worth buying, and that some of it is sold cheap in quite small lots. He admits that quite a number of crumbs have fallen from the table of the barons of the Charter, the grandees of the Commonwealth, the improving landlords of the eighteenth century and the Whigs of 1832. But he is more interested in vagabonds than in buccaneers, in lollards and levellers and luddites than in their betters, in mobs than in patriots, in conditions in coal-mines than in qualifications for the franchise. He wants to know why and when London and Lancashire were growing so rich, the Irish peasant and the Indian ryot remained so poor, and why the English labourers who rebelled in 1381 had so much more spirit than those who rose in 1830. He sees the period of the Wars of the Roses as one of the most prosperous times in the people's history: a brief interlude between feudalism and the new monarchy which made possible, among the ruins of the manorial system and before the creation of large accumulations of capital, the temporary spread of an independent peasantry. In fact, Mr. Morton gathers together a great deal of recent work, particularly in the field of economic history, and makes of it a coherent interpretation of the familiar story. The general reader will find food for thought as he compares it with memories of history learnt at school.

English Witnesses of the French Revolution. Edited by J. M. THOMPSON. *Blackwell.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Thompson, best known, perhaps, for his scholarly study of Robespierre, has compiled a jumbled but amusing anthology from the writings and correspondence of English eye-witnesses in revolutionary France. His gallery of reporters includes the Duke of Dorset, Fonthill Beckford, Tom Paine, Mrs. Piozzi, Samuel Ireland, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Wolfe Tone, and many others of less importance but equal interest; and although few of them have anything important to say about the political events, they collected the entertaining inessentials of the Revolution with the catholic avidity of cultivated jackdaws. Between them they express most points of view. Some were preoccupied with the squalor of Paris and the filth of its inhabitants; others, in painfully modern terms, extol the fervent idealism of the young soldiers; while others again comment surprisingly on the modesty of the French nobility, and the love the populace bore for the Royal Family. But the general impression was one of bloody confusion. "I now despair of seeing the great object of European liberty accomplished," wrote Paine to Danton, "and my despair arises, not from the intrigues of aristocracy and priestcraft, but from the tumultuous misconduct with which the internal affairs of the present revolution is conducted." The extracts cease before Napoleon came forward with the only possible solution. In spite of its high entertainment value it is difficult to see what purpose this book is intended to serve. It throws no new light on affairs in France, and from its restriction to first-hand observations can give no true picture of English public opinion at the time. The author does not particularise the sources of his quotations, but all appear to have been published previously; while, on his own admission, Mr. Thompson has not examined the files of the contemporary press, surely a most fruitful field of investigation. But *English Witnesses* is a treasure for the lazy-minded, and it would be a pity to let its omissions detract from its present merits.

Students, Oxford-Cambridge. Twenty Drawings by GREGORIO PRIETO. *Dolphin Bookshop.* £2 2s.

Señor Prieto dedicates to the student of Spain this series of drawings inspired by his visits to Oxford and Cambridge. His style shows the influence of Picasso in his Greco-Roman phase, his temperament has something (not wit) in common with Jean Cocteau's. The industriour bespectacled undergraduate he has contrived not to notice, and ous universities appear exclusively aristocratic groves in which exorbitantly handsome athletes gaze at one another and read *The Symposium.* As a day-dream, his vision of Oxford and Cambridge life has a vaguely decadent charm: he draws with knowledge of how to make his effects, and you feel that these studies, like Mr. A. E. Housman's poems, are the fruit of "continuous excitement." There's a touch too much of Mr. Benson's *David Blaize* in his work for an austere taste, but the strong feeling in these elegant idealisations gives them flavour, and a lot of people may find this album just their cup of tea.

Week-end Competitions

No. 431

Set by Graham Bell

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best attempted reconstruction of one of these NEW STATESMAN contributions (not more than 250 words each): Critic on the recent death sentence upon Charles I; Y. Y. on the recent Massacre of Saint Bartholomew; Raymond Mortimer on Wren's recent additions to Hampton Court; Clive Bell on the news of Boucher's death; R. E. Davidson on the new 1904 Daimler; Cyril Connolly on *Ivanhoe*, just published; David Garnett on Miss Austen's new novel, *Persuasion;* W. J. Turner on last week's première of *Lohengrin;* G. W. Stonier on the recent publication of *Lyrical Ballads;* Desmond MacCarthy on the first night of *Patience;* an anonymous shorter notice of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 429

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for a Retort Courteous, with whatever context may be necessary, either uttered in an inspired moment by the competitor, genuinely heard by him or otherwise vouched for. All quotations from books and any re-hash of Oscar Wilde, Mahaffy or Sydney Smith, are barred.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

There was a moderate entry for this competition but a marked decline in the number of old hands. The results were poor and they were excessively wordy. It is all my fault. Competitors in this high-brow paper are only at their best when they are asked to use their brains, and this time they were put rather shabbily on their honour and asked merely to jog their memories. I might have known that the honour system dulls the glitter of original sin; and also that the mute inglorious Miltons were inglorious because they were mute and the world is not full of unrecognised Mahaffys, Wildes and Sydney Smiths.

In my, perhaps, too austere judgment no one really recognised the fine but definite distinction that divides the retort courteous from the

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line or two of dialogue which gets illustrated in the funny papers. There should be a collision of personalities, a real crisis, an exchange of personalities. Brevity, too, is essential; either the Johnsonian bludgeon or the smooth malignance of good manners. The snub is, of course, in it. The whole point of the retort courteous is that it is not really courteous at all. It is a smack in the eye and, at its best, its implications get wider and wider the more you reflect on it. Wilde's repartee, for example, not only winged his opponents but stung society as well. This standard is too high. F. A. (whose address we shall need) had a lecturer who, when asked by an earnest lady if he believed in Fate, answered: "Madame, I have always believed in *fait accompli*." I suspect I have read this before somewhere; also Towanbucket's tale of the illiterate old lady who refused to sign a receipt with a cross when she went to collect her five-shilling pension. The official answered, "No cross, no crown." But these are witticisms and not retorts courteous. And the charming one sent in by Mr. Alan R. Thomas really belongs to the world of picturesque backchat. "Well dearie," says a woman to another who has been complaining of the shabbiness of a neighbour's curtains. "Your own look as if they could do with a bloody drink." L. V. Upward and Gretchen Green kept more strictly to the genre. I suggest the two prizes should be pooled and divided among the competitors named.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 284.—THE OLD BOYS FIGHT BACK

A feature of the school year at Westchester is the annual Athletics contest between the School and the Old Boys.

The contest is divided into two halves, each comprising an equal number of events, and this year its outstanding feature was the fight put up by the Old Boys in the second half. Points are scored in respect of the competitors placed first, second, third and fourth in each event. At the end of the first half the Old Boys had scored 47 points only and were thus 26 points in arrears. In each of three events only one of their representatives had been placed—these competitors taking, respectively, first, second and third places—while in each of the others they had taken first and third places.

The second half was exciting. In each of the first three races two Old Boys were placed—taking second and third place on each occasion. But in each of the remaining events Old Boys occupied the first three places.

What was the result of the contest?

PROBLEM 282.—TRIADS

Solution next week.

PROBLEM 281.—WEASEL'S BLANK CHEQUE

Solution by Malcolm Thomson

The Cheque was filled in for £20

From the wording of the problem, there cannot be more than six children who rank for shares.

As there were at least 2 sharers of each sex, at least 4 children (2 m., 2 f.) must have shared in the gift. Thus the initial possibilities are:

£16 divided between 4 $(2 + 2)$ children.
£20 ,, ,, 5 $(2 + 3)$ children.
£24 ,, ,, 6 $(2 + 4$ or $3 + 3)$ children.

No method of dividing a total sum of £16, split into 2 portions, among two groups of 2 children, so that the members of each group get differing amounts, offers a sum of the variant possibilities in both groups totalling 4×3. (The maximum is 7.)

Division of £24 between groups of 2 and 4 or 3 and 3 children offers a wide range of possibilities, but none of which the sum of the 2 group totals amounts to $6 \times 3 = 18$.

If £20 be divided, £16 between 3, and £4 between 2 children, the variant ways of doing this within the above conditions are $14 + 1 = 15$—3 times the number of children getting a share.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: D. M. Stead, 9 Green Lane, Cookridge, Horsforth, Leeds.

Five points are awarded.

PROBLEM 280.—THE CROSS-COUNTRY FINALS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. H. Perkins, Stone Edge, Leek Wootton, Warwick.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

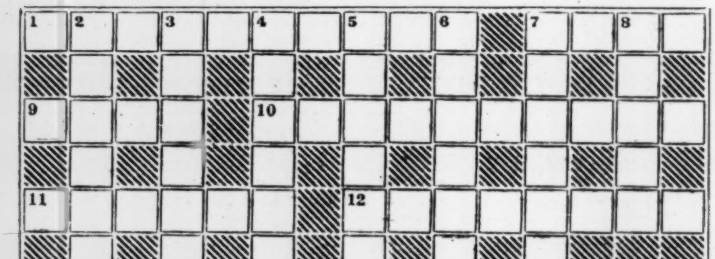
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 431

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. C. Geary, Corpus Christi College, Oxford

ACROSS

1. A part Salome acted after her dance? (10)
7. Wood wind county town. (4)
9. See 3. (4)
10. You never get this when you pay to hear the lecture. (10)
11. Again turned tail at 50. (6)
12. When cricketers can be put out. (8)
13. Saying of a fellow backing his skill. (6)
14. We hope this is not how their present Majesties lie. (8)
16. Visitors to Lyons get it brought by 17. (8)
19. May write letters, but always makes letters write. (6)
21. What a college 24 often does to the 21 ahead? (8)
23. I sent it yesterday and it's really inside. (6)
24. See 21. (10)
25. The man who kept the water back. (4)
26. A diseased finish. (4)
27. The pedestrian, in particular, tears across it nowadays. (10)

DOWN

2. It more or less makes the drawings. (9)
3. View of Eton Shelley wrote one of his 9 about. (7)
4. This is one alternative to Lucerne. (7)
5. Left description of the promenade at Brighton, for example. (15)
6. Gives a showy appearance of merit. (7)
7. Tentative organs. (7)
8. Necklace perhaps. (5)
15. It is finally railed off. (9)
17. Do they pinch tarts? (7)
18. God then refashioned it. (7)
19. Puts half the board on its legs. (7)
20. Suggests pet-ty strokes at Court. (7)
22. Nothing but a submarine. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	E	V	O	N	S	H	I	R	E	C	R	E	A	M
O	▨	E	▨	O	▨	A	▨	E	▨	R	▨	L	▨	U
U	N	D	E	R	L	I	N	G	▨	O	M	E	N	S
B	▨	A	▨	T	▨	R	▨	A	▨	S	▨	K	▨	T
L	O	N	G	H	O	P	▨	R	O	S	E	T	T	A
E	▨	T	▨	▨	▨	I	▨	D	▨	W	▨	R	▨	R
S	T	A	R	L	I	N	G	S	▨	I	N	A	I	D
A	▨	▨	▨	I	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	S	▨	▨	▨	P
U	N	A	R	M	▨	S	T	O	N	E	W	A	L	L
C	▨	N	▨	E	▨	E	▨	R	▨	▨	▨	T	▨	A
E	N	G	U	L	F	S	▨	L	A	R	C	H	E	S
P	▨	L	▨	I	▨	S	▨	A	▨	A	▨	A	▨	T
A	P	I	N	G	▨	I	N	N	O	C	E	N	C	E
N	▨	C	▨	H	▨	L	▨	D	▨	E	▨	O	▨	R
▨	K	E	T	T	L	E	H	O	L	D	E	R	S	▨

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of District Librarian (male) at Garstang. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of County Library routine. The appointment will involve control of the branch library at Garstang, and maintenance of contact with the neighbouring centres. Travelling expenses will be allowed at the approved rate. Salary, £200-£15-£275. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's Superannuation Scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials, should reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Saturday, 25th June.

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN.

CHAIRS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND PURE MATHEMATICS.

Applications are invited for the following Chairs vacant from March, 1939, viz.:—

(a) Chair of Physiology: the salary is £1,000 per annum rising by £50 per annum to £1,100.

(b) Chair of Pure Mathematics: the salary is £900 per annum rising by £25 per annum to £1,000.

Applications (six copies) must reach the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (from whom forms of application and further particulars are obtainable) not later than 23rd July, 1938. Applicants, in addition to submitting copies of testimonials, must give the names of three referees.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Faculty of Economics will shortly proceed to appoint an Assistant in Statistical Research. Candidates must have had experience in the application of statistical methods to economic problems. The appointment will be for a period of two years, renewable for two further periods of one year, but in no circumstances beyond that. The salary will be £250 per annum and the duties will begin on October 1st, 1938. Applications, with a statement of age and qualifications and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary, The Faculty of Economics, Marshall Library, Downing Street, Cambridge, by June 27th.

A GRADUATE (man) experienced and interested in sound modern education required in September to teach general form subjects (elementary science, woodwork, games) to boys and girls aged 8-14 years at the Byron House School, Highgate Village, London, N.6 (Coeducational Day School recognised by the Board of Education) which has extended the age limit for boys to 14 years. This opening affords possibility of position as Head Master to work in conjunction with present Principals to whom application should be made immediately; further particulars will be sent to suitable candidates only.

LONDON UNION GIRLS' CLUBS. Organiser, club extension work. Salary £250 p.a. Experience club and social work essential. Applications, stating qualifications, by June 30th to Organising Secretary, 35 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

INCORPORATED Accountants, South Coast, have vacancy for Articled Clerk; personal supervision of principal; premium 150 guineas, part returnable. Matriculation or equivalent essential; preferably educated progressive school. Box 2037.

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EDUCATED lady (Viennese) seeks position as housekeeper, lady's companion, children's governess. English perfect, French, car-driving, typewriting, sports, needlework, references. Apply to L. T., 2 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Tel.: Western 6021.

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SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP.
Session 1938-39.

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Director: J. D. Cowley, M.A., F.L.A.

The School of Librarianship, which was founded in 1919, provides courses for full-time and part-time students in preparation for the University Diploma in Librarianship and for the examinations of the Library Association.

Instruction is given in English Composition, Bibliography, Cataloguing and Indexing, Classification, Library Administration, Literary History, Book Selection and Reference Work, and Palaeography and Archives.

Public and special lectures on the history of the library movement, library buildings, bookbinding, book selection, book illustration, county library systems, and library work with children are also given.

The session begins on Monday, 3rd October, 1938.

Students wishing to be admitted should apply forthwith to C. O. G. DOUIE, Secretary, University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.1.).

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFIELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

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THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10*s*. to £100 16*s*. Fees without residence £31 10*s*. For particulars apply SECRETARY.

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THE LING PHYSICAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION
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All information, including list of publications, obtainable from Miss P. SPAFFORD, Secretary, Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1.

A ONE-YEAR COURSE in PHYSICAL TRAINING for UNIVERSITY WOMEN GRADUATES is being arranged at ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, ERDINGTON, BIRMINGHAM. Starting on October 1st, 1938. This is in addition to the existing three years course. For prospectus and application forms apply SECRETARY.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 1007.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET—AUSTRIAN LOAN DEFAULT—TIN DECISION —EDMUNDSONS

So devoid of domestic hope is Throgmorton Street that the slightly better tone with which the stock markets reopened after the Whitsun holiday was attributed entirely to Wall Street. It is true that Wall Street rallied while the London market was closed, but I fail to see anything very reassuring in the rally. If you look at the Dow-Jones chart, the Wall Street trend is still unmistakably downward. The great rally from the March low for industrials of 98.9 exhausted itself by the first week in April, and the attempt in May to break through the April high of 121 failed miserably. The present rally does not appear very convincing. When the investor realises that the second quarter's reports of industrial companies will be worse than those of the first, and the third quarter's worse than those of the second, he will not feel bullishly inclined. Steel operations during the summer quietude may well fall below 20 per cent. of capacity. In the face of further bad news, the industrial market may even break through its March low of 98.9. The Administration has shown no grasp of the dire problem of the railroads and seems still determined to allow the competition of Government-financed agencies to extend in the utility industry. It relies only on its spending programme to bring about recovery. The P.W.A. has work to the tune of $600,000,000 to be put in hand immediately the Recovery Bill is passed. Pessimists, however, declare that the Government spending programme has now become deflationary, for the more Mr. Roosevelt spends, the less will private enterprise spend. If only some truce could be declared between the President and business, the spending programme might quickly bring about recovery by the orthodox method of reducing inventories and unfreezing the capital market. There is a dearth of investment stocks, as the success of the U.S. Steel debenture issue showed. In fact, the *financial* basis for recovery is present if only that elusive "confidence" could return. The only reason for a return of confidence would be the continued defeat of the Roosevelt candidates in the democratic "primary" elections. The victory of the anti-New Deal candidate in the Iowa primary was not very significant, as the President had taken no part in the contest. More will depend upon the "primaries" in Maine on June 20th. Failing favourable political news, I fear that Wall Street will drift lower or even break into a "selling climax."

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Full particulars may be obtained from any Stockbroker or Bank, or from

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* * *

Germany, it appears, has not awaited the post-Whitsuntide resumption of the Austrian Loan negotiations with Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, but has decided to present the British delegation with a defaulter's *fait accompli*. It is announced that in the case of the 3 per cent. Guaranteed Loan, 1933-53, and the 4½ per cent. Conversion Loan, 1934-59, payment of interest funds which should have been credited on June 1st to the trustees' account has already been withheld. Of the first-named issue, £3,824,500, guaranteed by the British Government, is outstanding in London, while there is £10,163,900 of the 4½ per cent. Loan in issue here. Approximately three-quarters of this loan (including the non-sterling tranches) is guaranteed in equal shares by Britain, France and Czechoslovakia; the remainder by Italy and the minor subscribing Governments. There was evidently more pious hope than confident expectation behind the official communiqué last week, when reference was made to further endeavours to "reconcile the views of the two delegations." On the barefaced plea that Austrian Loans have now lost their original status and have been reduced to that of Greater Germany's other provincial and municipal obligations in default, the Government of the Third Reich appear determined to repudiate at any rate the Austrian Loans—as a first step probably to default on the Dawes and Young Loans as well. Since the British taxpayer will have to pay the piper, Parliament will doubtless press for invocation of the protocol attached to the 1934 Anglo-German Payments Agreement. This provided, in the event of cessation of debt payments, that a clearings arrangement should come into force. Under such a plan, 20 per cent. of all sums due by British to German firms on trading account would be impounded by the clearings authorities, leaving it to the German exporter to have recourse for payment to his own Government. Since Greater Germany has a favourable balance of payments with Britain—last year's balance in Germany's favour was over £8,000,000—this system would at least provide for the service of the debts now threatened with default. If it also had the result of making the British market less attractive as a dumping-ground for German manufactures, that might be no bad thing either.

* * *

Tin has risen surprisingly little in price since the International Tin Committee's decision with regard to third quarter quotas was announced. On Wednesday the London cash quotation was £171 per ton, as compared with £164 a week ago. Yet the cut in output from 55 per cent. to 45 per cent. of standard tonnage is drastic; and, in addition, a proportion (so far unfixed) of the reduced production is to go into the buffer pool. Assuming that 10 per cent. is thus sterilised, the supplies of tin coming on the market will be reduced to about 100,000 tons per annum, or 25,000 tons less than estimated current consumption. Unless American intake declines still further, or invisible stocks are heavier than is commonly supposed, it should not take very long for this restriction policy to put the price nearer £200 a ton. The buffer stock, however, will have to be liquidated some day; and I wonder how long Malaya will be content to carry the burden of restriction. Even with the 2½ per cent. increase conceded in her standard tonnage, Malaya is badly placed in relation, say, to Bolivia; and I expect her protests will continue loud and long.

* * *

The Board of Edmundson's Electricity Corporation have clearly been studying to some purpose the American Holding Companies' Act, and have decided to give no scope for the promised Electricity Distribution Bill in this country to discriminate, in their case, against non-integrated holding concerns. The annual report now issued shows that the process of integration has been actively pursued; certain subsidiary undertakings have been sold, and others are in course of liquidation. As a result, reserves held by subsidiaries are freed, and £2,250,000 from this source is capitalised and distributed in the form of a 50 per cent. scrip bonus to shareholders of the parent company. This recapitalisation will, of course, not increase earning capacity and future dividends will presumably have to be proportionately scaled down. The company's policy, however, appears to be aimed at the consolidation of regional interests so that they may form the natural nucleus for district amalgamations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, June 12th, at 11 a.m. MR. BLACKHAM: "Vulgarity." 7 p.m., MR. F. S. LIVIE-NOBLE: "The British Protectorates in South Africa."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Lectures arranged: Biology in Home and School; Ten Years in a Sex Education Centre; Preparation for Marriage. Fees on application.

8 P.M. on Mondays during June at Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. 13th, "Industrial Psychology," MR. P. HOME. 20th, A Poetry Reading by LORNA DAVIS. 27th, "Youth in Industry," MR. J. MORAN. Saturday, 25th, Youth House Garden Party, admission *6d.* 8 p.m., Dance, admission *1s. 6d.*, including refreshments.

LECTURE, Sunday evening, 8 p.m. Speaker: The REV. D. R. DAVIES. Subject: "Music, the Mirror of Time." 5 Arundel Gardens, W.11.

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R.

WEEK-END SCHOOL,
Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City,
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John Lehmann, "Georgia"; Beatrice King, "Minorities Education"; John Morgan, "Agriculture"; G. D. R. Phillips, "Buriat-Mongolia"; Concert of modern Soviet Music. Apply S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

THE Society for Creative Psychology, 8 Fitzroy St., W.1. Lectures every Friday at 8.30 p.m. Admission 1/-. June 10th. Mrs. Meena Gunn. Psychoanalysis and Children.

MR. J. MIDDLETON MURRY will lecture on "The Necessity of the Church" on Thursday, June 16th at 8.30 p.m. at 6 Little Russell Street, W.C.1. The Dean of St. Paul's in the chair.

THE FRIENDS OF MADAME BLAVATSKY. Social Rooms: 94 Ladbroke Grove, W.11. Note: Visitors, Wednesdays, 4 to 6. Tea if desired.

CONFERENCE

A CONFERENCE on the Christian Answer to Fascism will be held at Oriel House, St. Asaph, from July 30th to August 6th. Speakers: Professors John Macmurray and Gregory Vlastos; Mr. Kenneth Ingram, Mr. Kingsley Martin, Dr. Karl Polanyi and Mr. Vivian Ogilvie. Full particulars from The General Secretary, The Christian Auxiliary Movement, Annandale, North End Road, N.W.11.

SUMMER SCHOOL

OXFORD Tree Summer School, July 16th–21st. World authorities on fifteen subjects, including Forest Employment, Land Reclamation, Trees in Cities, Dendrochronology, etc. Inclusive fee, board and tuition at Lady Margaret Hall, £3 10*s.* Write Men of Trees, 2 Jay Mews, S.W.7.

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President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

Head-Mistress: Miss Baker, B.A.

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